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Northern Messenger

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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

W Bronscombe 2 30 30 0

Waiting!

(By S. G. Stock.)

They are waiting everywhere,—
Where the fields of earth are fair,
Where the rivers nobly run,
Where the blossoms seek the sun
Where the hills rise, high and grand,
Looking proudly o'er the land—
Waiting! Waiting!

They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never, never heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the living bread—
Waiting! Waiting!

For the happy beam of day
That shall chase their gloom away,
For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their hearts at rest;
For the peace we know and prize,
For the hope beyond the skies—
Waiting! Waiting!

Yet not voiceless or alone,
For their cry to heaven hath flown,
And the Master waiteth too,
Waiteth, ransomed soul, for you,
Till the life devotion sweet
Be outpoured at his feet—
Waiting! Waiting!

Harvesting his Wild Oats.

It is Harvest Moon Every Month with Him.

Drawn by L. J. Bridgman.

—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Business and Prayer.

A business man in a large city tells of his perplexity when a young man. His partner, who had been connected with the firm for many years, was taken ill and compelled to take a sea voyage. The entire responsibility of the business was suddenly thrown on the young man, whose experience was limited. He trembled when he thought of the disaster which might come to the business in the absence of his senior partner. When they separated, the young man went to a vacant room in the building, locked the door, and prayed fervently for divine guidance and help. This he did every morning, and when his partner returned it was found that the business had prospered more in his absence than in his presence. All this might have happened if no prayer had been offered, and it might not. The morning prayer, his confidence in the help of God, all tended to encourage his heart, to strengthen him for the burden. And who shall say that his success was not a direct answer to prayer?—'Christian Advocate.'

A Distinction.

Doubtless many an over-worked business man has often found himself looking back longingly to the happy days before he was 'successful.' The 'Youth's Companion' neatly illustrates this point by a little story:

'Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but to my mind he isn't prosperous.'

So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

'Well,' returned her sister, 'it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town.'

'That's just it,' retorted Mrs. Tracey. 'He's busy, and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't progressing—not as I understand it. You see,' she continued, 'when we were first married, he leased the little wool-mill on the stream and got along first-rate. He wasn't overbusy, and we used to ride around together every afternoon and have lots of company and good times.

'But he began to make money and buy more wool and more mills to take care of it and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to another. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley.'

'Yes, but he does make money,' said her sister.

'Well, perhaps so, but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town.'

Life and Death.

(An Allegory by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, in the 'Christian Herald.')

The traveller was weary with the journey and, paused a little while by the path to rest. And as she sat there one approached and said,

'Thou hast only a little farther to go?'

'Only a little farther,' she answered.

'Art thou not weary with the journey?' asked her new companion.

'Yea, I am. But the journey on the whole has been pleasant and I would not have missed it. I have had many friends and much joy, and great interest in doing my Lord's work.'

'Where are thy friends now?'

'Some of them have gone on before me. The others have been with me until a moment ago. I can hear their pleasant voices and almost see them yet.'

'But now thou art alone. Art thou not

afraid for the rest of the way to go alone?'

'Nay, but I am not entirely alone. One is with me still. His name is Jesus Christ, and he has promised never to leave me desolate.'

'I know that One,' spoke her companion gently. 'I went with him over the last of his way, and now I am come to be thy companion also. Shall we walk on together?'

'Dost thou truly know the way,' asked the traveller softly.

'Yea, I have been over it with every mortal since man began to journey over this road. Thou are not afraid?'

'Nay, what should I fear? I have loved my Lord. I have served his cause. He has given unto me eternal life. What should I fear?'

'What, indeed?' said her companion, as the traveller rose and the two proceeded until they came quite suddenly to a glorious gateway, wherein stood a glorious One holding out a welcoming hand.

'This,' said her companion, 'is one of the Angels of Life. He will usher thee into the presence of God.' And as he spoke, he vanished.

'Tell me,' asked the traveller as she took the hand of the Angel of Life, 'who was that who has just departed?'

'That,' said the Angel of Life smiling, 'was Death.'

That Death?' she said; 'I took him to be my friend.'

'And was he not?' said the Angel, smiling again. 'Has he not brought you to me, and am I not also your friend?'

'Yea,' said the traveller joyfully, as she entered into the glories of Paradise with the Angel of Life, singing, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

Religious News.

Elder Chang, a Christian from the Scotch Presbyterian mission in Manchuria, recently visited Pyeng Yang, Korea, and gives the following report of what he learned.

Being strangers, we naturally looked up some Chinese merchants who, however, were not Christians.

'Who are you?' they asked us.

'Christians from Manchuria.'

'Are there, then, Christians in Manchuria also?' they asked.

'Oh yes, many of them.'

'Are they the same sort as the Christians here?'

'We don't know. What are the Christians here like?'

'Good men. Good men.'

'Why do you think so?'

'Oh, a man owed us an account five years ago of twenty dollars. He refused to acknowledge more than ten, and we had no redress. A few months ago he became a Christian and came and asked us to turn up that old account, and insisted on paying it up with interest all these years.' Instances like this were happening all over Korea.

One night there came into the meeting in Pyeng Yang a Japanese army officer who appeared to be deeply interested in what was taking place. When the Christians knelt in prayer, he knelt with them; but when they arose, he continued prostrate before God. No one present could speak the Japanese language, so it was not possible to communicate with him. Shortly afterward he arose and left the meeting. The next day he came with the pastor of the Japanese Church in Pyeng Yang to see the missionary. He told of how in the past he had had very little idea of God, but in the meeting had been so impressed with what had taken place that he could doubt no longer, and there had given his heart to Christ. As he was soon to return to Japan, he requested baptism, and the following night a little group of Japanese took their place in the midst of the vast audience of Koreans. At the close of the service this soldier-Christian was baptized into the Christian faith.—'World-Wide Missions.'

Africa is an immense region. It has long been known as the Dark Continent, but the light of the Gospel is rapidly dawning upon it. Europe, India, China, and the United States could all be laid down on the map of Africa and still have some room left around the margins. This huge continent has now 2,470 missionaries, with 13,089 native assistants. There are 4,789 places of regular worship, 221,156 church-members, and 527,790 professed Christians. There are in Africa 3,937 missionary schools, with 202,390 pupils. There are 95 hospitals and dispensaries, 16 publishing houses and printing establishments. North of the equator Egypt has more missionaries than any other region; the West Coast countries come next.

Fifty years ago Krapf, the missionary, was laughed at for his dream of a chain of missions across Central Africa, from ocean to ocean. Now his dream has come true. Thirty years ago Uganda was a pagan state, where savagery was rampant. Now, as the result of a most heroic struggle, of its 700,000 inhabitants, 360,000 are strong Christians. In Cape Colony, where Moravian missionaries tried to work nearly two centuries ago, they were treated as criminals for attempting to reach the blacks. Now Cape Colony alone has 700,000 Protestants and 200,000 of these are colored.

Work in Labrador.

'SICK AND YE VISITED ME.'

(By Sister Williams, of St. Anthony's Hospital.)

One morning, directly after breakfast, the maid came in, and said, 'Please, sister, a man wants to see you in the waiting room.' 'Where has he come from so early?' 'From Griguet, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles.'

I immediately went to see him. 'Good morning, sister; I hear the doctor is not home.' 'Not yet, we are expecting him any day. Well, what am I to do?' 'Maybe you'll do as well.' 'Tell me what is the matter first.' 'My woman is sick, real bad she is, and like to die; I'm afraid I'll lose her; she has a stitch in her side a wonderful cough, and she has eat nothing for this long time, and she don't sleep at all. Perhaps you'll come and see her! I shall lose her if nobody sees her that understands things.'

It needed a little consideration, for I had never been on a komatik journey before, and it was twelve below zero. It did not take many minutes for me to decide to go. There were plenty of willing hands to help me get ready, and to tie the coach-box on the komatik. One lent me a big fur coat which went over my own; others got rugs, cushions, and several other things to keep one from getting cold, while I got drugs and appliances, and such things that I thought might be needed.

At last, after being well packed into the coachbox, we were off. The bell calling the people to church grew fainter as the dogs flew over the frozen harbor. The man only had five poor dogs, and I felt I ought to get out and walk up the hills, but he would not hear of it. The man walked and ran most of the way, and had to push the komatik up the hills; only going down hills did he get on. He was constantly asking if I was cold, and seemed quite pleased when I cheerfully answered, 'No, not at all.'

After a twelve-mile run we reach Griguet, a beautiful land-locked harbor. We cross this to the house. It is a good-sized one, but the rooms are very bare. Passing through the living room, I enter the bedroom, in which are several women. As soon as I saw the sick woman I felt that I wanted to take her straight to the hospital, and put her in a nice, clean bed. I found her to be suffering from pleurisy. I did all I could for her, leaving instructions what to do for her until I returned again in the morning. I then went to another house, where I was to spend the night. A very bright little woman came out to meet me, and with 'Welcome to Griguet,' we went indoors. Some known friends were there. Here again one was greeted with 'Welcome to Griguet,' and 'Sister, you must stay at my house when you come this way again.' We soon had tea. At seven o'clock we went out with the dogs and komatik to see a sick child. It was a glorious moonlight night, with a temperature of 18 below zero. When I returned, I had to play the organ to them, as these people boasted of one, having purchased it last fall. I began playing something very softly, when they told me that the organ would make more noise than that (evidently my playing was not to their taste), so I played something very loudly, and that just suited them. In the morning there was a girl to be treated for dyspepsia.

Then on to see my patient. I had made up my mind that she must come to the hospital. I found her a little better, and I told her I wanted her to come with me; that she needed plenty of good nourishment and nursing, neither of which she could get at home. She said she would like to come, because she knew what it was like, and she would be well cared for. There was a little difficulty in getting enough dogs, as most of the men had gone into the woods. I left with the understanding that they should bring her the following day.

I was no sooner packed away in my coach box when we saw a woman running across the harbor. We waited for her with difficulty, as the dogs were straining their utmost to be off. When she came, she said, 'Sister, do come and see my Elihu; he was took all of a sudden, shrieking and bawling with pain.' The dogs are turned in another direction, and away we go. The young man was found to be suffering from lumbago. She was told to put a flat-iron on the stove, get it hot, then put something between it and the boy's back. She begged me to spend an hour or two with her the next time I came, she had so much to tell me. Then I was packed into my box again; away we went over the ice, up hill, then rushing down hill, and around the hills with the komatik tipping on one side. There was no holding our eight dogs in now. One man sat in front of my coach with a short, thick stick, the other stood up behind. There was real pleasure in going now—no need to push the komatik up the hills with these fine dogs. The man in front had to constantly jump off to guide the komatik, his work also being to put the 'drug' on when going down very steep hills, and to beat his stick on the komatik. It seemed to be the duty of both to call out to the dogs, 'Look at the man, look at the man; look at the crow, look at the crow; look at the dogs, look at the dogs.' This was said to encourage them, I suppose. But why they could not be driven without all this noise I could not understand.

The man at the back has stopped calling out to the dogs, and I hear him singing softly:

'There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

'For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.'

We arrived at the hospital in two hours and twenty minutes, a short record.—'The Canadian Nurse.'

Acknowledgments.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1908.

Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle.

I. Sam. xxxi. Memory verse, 6. Read I. Sam. xxvii.-II. Sam. i.

Golden Text.

Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 31.—I. Sam. xxvii., 1; xxviii., 2.

Tuesday, September 1.—I. Sam. xxviii., 3-25.

Wednesday, September 2.—I. Sam. xxix., 1; xxx., 10.

Thursday, September 3.—I. Sam. xxx., 11-31.

Friday, September 4.—I. Sam. xxxi., 1-13.

Saturday, September 5.—II. Sam. i., 1-16.

Sunday, September 6.—II. Sam. i., 17-27.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How old are you Will? Twelve years. Does it seem a long time to you that you have been living? Supposing all that time your father was being hunted from place to place and had to live in the mountains and never dared to come home; do you think it would seem much longer then? Well, it was longer even than all Will's life that David was hunted from place to place, that he had to live in caves and lonely deserts, so perhaps there was little wonder that he got tired of it at last and must have begun to think that God had forgotten him after all. At any rate, he gave up trying to live in his own country at last, and went away to the land of the Philistines. He was the leader of a band of some eight hundred men now, so the King of the Philistines, Achish, was quite glad to have him come and serve him. He gave David and his men a city to live in, and David had a little peace at last, because Saul dared not come among the Philistines to find him. They were enemies of the Israelites, and after David had been there about a year and a half war was declared again between the two nations. You see the Philistines lived in a country next to the Israelites something as we live next to the people of the United States. The people could easily walk out of one country into the other, except that there were hills to cross over, so the army of the Philistines marched up along their side of the border until they could find a convenient plain on which they could fight, and Saul's army marched north as they did until both armies stopped and camped near a mountain called Gilboa.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The history of the mercenaries in the middle ages of European history will throw light on the reason for the cordial welcome Achish gave to David. This band was at odds with King Saul and free to serve another master, and David's raid against the Geshusites and Amalekites, in which he secured much spoil for Achish, may have been only one of similar raids. It is evident that David's long course of concealment told somewhat upon his moral character, for we find he does not hesitate to curry favor with Achish by giving a false report of his actions. His settling down at Ziklag and his present way of life go to show that too much persecution is bad for anyone, and God will now put a stop to the hardships of his servant. David had learned the lessons he needed, and God does not suffer any servant of his to be tried beyond that he is able to bear. David's faith in that time of dim vision of God is remarkable. He is not to be too harshly judged for the time of its failure. It could burst forth again to as great heights as ever, and perhaps the lessons of his own falls helped later to give him the generous character so unusual for a monarch of that age. What he would have done had he followed Achish at this time to battle it is hard to say. He may have thought that God was intending Achish as the means of giving the throne of Israel to him. Other claimants for the crown of a country have accepted the help of foreign nations against their own people to secure the disputed crown. Anyhow, it was not God's intention, and David found there was plenty to occupy him in his own affairs (Chap. xxx.) during the whole time of the battle, and the way was opened for him at last in the death of Saul. Nor was he even called to pass over the claims of his dear friend Jonathan, for faithful to his father and his king to the last Jonathan met death on Mount Gilboa. The record of the gratitude of the people of Jabesh-Gilead (verse ii; I. Sam. xi.) is one of the brightest of this time, and was heartily appreciated by David (II. Sam. ii., 4-7.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 4. Christ teaches us that the right attitude of mind toward life is not repudiation of life, but endurance. The truly brave and wise man says, Let me know and bear all that life may bring; let me escape nothing of the burden that a wiser Will may impose upon me; let me drink to the dregs, alike in its sweetness or its bitterness, the cup that may be mixed for me! And this was precisely the attitude of Jesus. He prays that if it be possible the cup might pass from Him—most natural, most human of prayers—but if the cup may not pass, He will drink it. The Lord has sent good; shall He not send evil? He will shirk nothing of the full tension of extreme pain that may be appointed Him. The cup that My Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? is His sublime reply to His too eager disciple who would have rescued Him from His enemies by the sword. And then Jesus endured the cross, not only for what it means in human redemption, but because He recognized it as a necessary element of His life.

When the dark hour comes upon us, the intolerable hour, the forlorn and unfriended hour, when life seems wholly unendurable —what are we to do? The answer of Christ is, Endure; the answer of the Apostle is, Look unto Jesus who endured. You have no right to leave the field of battle until the great Captain sounds the recall. You must nourish in yourself the instinct of life, and then you will endure. Hard and dark as things may seem, the gate opening into light may be closer than you know—wait a moment longer, there is yet joy set before you. In nothing is Jesus more our example than in this, that in nothing did He flinch or turn back from His appointed way. He went straight onward.—W. J. Dawson, 'The Reproach of Christ.'

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, or anything else that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is cowardice to shun the trials of life.—Aristotle.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Saul's army encamped on the northern slopes of Mount Gilboa near its foot. The broad, lovely valley of Jezreel, with its brook, and the well Harod with its tall reeds, lay between the armies, just as it lay between Gideon's army and the Midianites in the days of the Judges.

It will give fresh interest to the lesson if the scholars can connect the story with the fuller history of its scene.

1. The battle in which Deborah and Barak defeated Sisera the Canaanite general with his nine hundred chariots of iron, and who was slain by Jael, the wife of Heber, took place near the Philistine camp at Shunem (Judges iv., 5).

2. Shunem was the scene of one of Elisha's resting places in his prophetic travels, and the raising to life of the Shunammite's son (II. Kings iv.).

3. Between the two armies lay the battlefield where Gideon with his three hundred heroes defeated the hosts of the Midianites with the same heroism as the three hundred Spartans withstood the Persian host at Thermopylae.

The vision must have filled the Israelites with courage and hope.

4. Josiah, king of Judah, many years later, in the last days of the Jewish monarchy, lost his life in a battle with Pharaoh-nechoh of Egypt in a plain near Megiddo, within sight of Mount Gilboa (II. Kings xxiii., 29, 30).

5. In this region, a little to the north near Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee, the crusaders were defeated by Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1187.

6. In 1799 Napoleon obtained possession of the country around Nazareth, and on the plain of Esdraelon he conquered a Turkish force of twenty-five thousand men. See Curtis's 'To-day in Syria and Palestine,' pp. 232, 233.

Verse 7. 'Gibeah, Saul's own city, was thrown into terror. The royal family fled for their lives. In their flight the nurse let fall Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, then a child of five years of age. "He was lamed for life" (II. Sam. iv., 4).'—James Sime.

It is one of the curiosities of criticism that some have found this account in contradiction to the story of the young Amalekite (II. Samuel i.), who for a reward claimed that he killed Saul. This second story simply records what the Amalekite claimed. As a governor once quoted Satan's lie in Job, as a truth of Holy Scripture. The only truth was that Satan said it.

What was the central source of Saul's failure? It was a wrong choice. He would not yield himself heart and soul to God as David did. Everyone makes mistakes and errors, but they are not absolutely destructive so long as one's central aim and purpose is to do God's will. 'The will is the ranking official of all in man.' 'It is the will which creates the man.' 'Rarely does that dreadful calamity—maniacal insanity—occur except after long antecedent vicious mental habits, in which the mind has been allowed to roam with progressively less and less inhibition of the will.'—Dr. Thomson in 'Brain and Personality' (1906). A wrong choice is 'as a poison in the blood which permeates arteries, veins, nerves, brain, and heart, and speedily brings paralysis or death.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 6.—Topic—Songs of the Heart IX. A life lived with God. Ps. 91. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 31.—The Shepherd and His sheep. John x., 1-6.

Tuesday, September 1.—The door of the sheep. John x., 7-9.

Wednesday, September 2.—The great Shepherd. Heb. xiii., 20, 21.

Thursday, September 3.—The Shepherd of your souls. I. Pet. ii., 24, 25.

Friday, September 4.—Our Shepherd. Isa. xl., 11.

Saturday, September 5.—Seeking the sheep. Ezek. xxxiv., 11-15.

Sunday, September 6.—Topic—The good Shepherd. John x., 11-16. (Consecration meeting.)

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

His Mercy.

When the Christ, my Lord, hung dying,
  Dying on the shameful tree,
Men in all their madness mocked Him;
  Yet no word at all said He.
But when at His side a sinner,
  Hanging there in shame to die,
Pleading, sought His loving favor,
  Swiftly came love's glad reply.

'When thou comest to thy kingdom,
  Lord,' he cried, 'remember me.'
'Yea, to-day, with Me in glory,'
  Jesus answered, 'thou shalt be.'
Was not this most wondrous pity,
  So to bless a dying thief;
E'en amid His own deep anguish,
  Thus to give a soul relief?

Tell it in the highest heaven,
  Tell it in the depths below,
Tell it to the lost and outcast,
  Tell it in the haunts of woe:
To the very chief of sinners
  Let the blessed tidings go:
He who asks a Saviour's mercy
  Shall the Saviour's mercy know.

—'British Weekly.'

The Cousin No One Liked.

One naughty little cousin, who had distinguished himself by petty lies and thefts in the family—who had read the other boys precious private diaries—failed to bring up his share of the coal and the wood—neglected errands, and so on—complained bitterly that James, an especially popular cousin, did not love him as well as he loved Martin and Jack.

'I am his cousin, just as much as they are,' he said bitterly, 'but he doesn't take me fishing with him, nor let me ride in his goat-cart. He takes them all the while.'

'It isn't because they are his cousins,' admonished his wise grandmother. 'I have seen it just as you have, and I have felt badly, too, but you know you took his sweater when he told you not to, and you read in his diary that he was going up to camp that time, when he meant to keep it secret, and a good many other things which you know better than I do. Before you can make James love you as well as Martin and Jack, you have got to be something more than a mere cousin. You have got to be an honest boy—as they are. And you won't have any other friends, either, unless you change your ways.'—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

A Boy's Sacrifice.

(George B. Griffith, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

Little Johnny Davies, when only nine years of age, the son of a poor widow living in a small town in the interior of the great state of Pennsylvania, came to the house of a Bible secretary at ten o'clock of an extremely cold winter night, and, on finding his shop closed, came to the kitchen door and loudly rapped several times. The book-seller had already commenced reading before family prayer, and for that reason forbade the servant to answer the door; but such was the perseverance of the boy, that he at last yielded to his importunity, and when the servant inquired what was wanting, the reply was, 'A Bible.' The secretary answered, 'If you come in the morning, you can have one.'

'I cannot, sir,' respectfully continued the boy, 'as I work in M. (a place two miles distant) and don't return home until late at night.' 'Come in, then,' said the good man, 'and you shall have one;' and on inquiring how he came into possession of the money he gave him for the Bible, and how he thought of spending it for so good a book, he told the secretary that it had been announced in the Sunday school that any little boy or girl could have a Bible very cheap at his storerooms. 'Therefore I saved it, sir,' continued the little fellow. The book-seller replied: 'You did very right in buying one for yourself.' and wished him good-night.

The next day his widowed mother came to the secretary's shop with the Bible in her hand. The good man was for a moment startled, fearing the boy had done something wrong; and her first word was, 'Did my little boy buy this Bible here last night?' 'He did,' was the answer, 'and told me that he had saved the money for that purpose.'

'Yes,' continued the mother, 'and how do you think he saved it?' 'I cannot say,' said the bookseller. 'Well, I will tell you. Having to leave home very early every morning before breakfast, I cut him two large pieces of dark bread (for I cannot get him anything better), one for his breakfast, and the other for his dinner; his supper he had when he came home at night; and with this I gave him a halfpenny each day to buy some milk, and told him to divide it into two equal parts, the one for his breakfast and the other for his dinner.' Here was a pause, and from her countenance the stirring emotion of her soul was evident; in vain she tried to repress the feelings of a widowed mother over her child. To use her own language, 'The little boy ate the dark bread and drank nothing but water for four successive weeks, without her knowledge, to have this Bible,' holding it still up in her hand.

Such was the value set upon the Word of God by this poor little boy!

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Lincoln.

The Slight in the Work.

(By W. Bert Foster, in the 'S. S. Messenger.')

'You're slightin' that job Ben,' remarked old Henry, the foreman, standing beside Ben Perry's bench.

'What's the odds? Nobody's going to see this; it will be covered up all right,' responded the young workman, carelessly.

'Yes, it'll be covered up; that's true. But sometime it's bound to be taken apart; and the workman who does it, if he knows his business, will say, "The one who did this job was either a shirk or a poor hand at it."'

Ben laughed good-naturedly. 'What if he does? I shall not be there to hear his opinion, Henry. You know there's nothing very particular about this, and I'm in a hurry to get it out of the way.'

'But you'll know it yourself, won't you?' demanded the foreman.

'Eh? what do you mean?' and Ben turned a puzzled glance upon him.

'Why, don't you like to know in your own heart that the work you do is all right?'

'But what's the odds when nobody's going to see it? It will never be found out who did it.'

'I tell you,' said old Henry, shaking his head, 'a lie is sure to be found out in time—'

'Who's told a lie?' demanded Ben.

'You are tellin' one now, my boy,' said the foreman, calmly. 'A slight in your work is a lie; that's what I've always believed. Let me tell you, a slight in a job will be surely discovered.

'This makes me think of a couple of men I knew once who were building a piece of wall,' the foreman continued. 'One of 'em, in settin' a brick, found it just a grain thicker on one side than on the other. The other workman said, "It will make your wall untrue, Henry;" yes, I admit I was the one he spoke to.

'"That makes no difference," said I, "You're too partic'lar."

'"It will make a difference. You wait an' see," said he. "Sooner or later that lie will show itself."

'An' would you believe it,' pursued the foreman, shaking his long finger at Ben, 'he was right. I kept on layin' brick, an' carrying the wall up, higher an' higher, right up to quittin' time at night, an' far as I could see, the wall I built was just as good as his.

'But when I came back in the mornin' that lyin' brick had worked the end of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from it, had got more untrue as I carried it up, and during the night the whole thing had toppled over, an' I lost my job. I tell you, Ben, a slight's a lie, an' a lie doesn't pay—'

But his listener was already undoing the hasty work he had performed, and later did it all over again, and with his accustomed care.

Jeff and His Cow.

(Emily S. Windsor, in the 'Western Advocate.')

Jeff slowly descended the steep clearing on the mountain-side. In each hand he carried a good-sized tin pail filled to the brim with blackberries. The latter were of perfect ripeness, and unusually large. 'They're as sweet as 'lasses,' reflected the boy. 'I reckon I could sell lots of them over at Warren, if I'd the time to pick them. But I reckon mother'll be glad to jell these.'

On reaching the foot of the mountain, Jeff put his pails carefully on the ground, and sat down on a log to rest. The midday sun was hot, and the climb to the berry patch had been a hard one.

He threw off his almost brimless old hat, and, crooking his arm, wiped his moist face on the sleeve of his clean, gingham shirt.

His eyes wandered dreamily to the sky, across whose deep blue soft veils of white cloud floated. Several buzzards were circling slowly above his head. A fugitive breeze brought him refreshment. He was aroused from the vague revery into which he had fallen by a voice:

'Can you tell me how to reach the road leading to Warren?' it said.

Jeff turned around. A young woman stood in the road. Her short blue serge skirt and crisp shirtwaist and jaunty straw hat stamped her as not being one of the people of the country. 'One of those city people that's boarding in Warren,' thought the boy.

The young woman's face was pleasant, as the tones of her voice were musical. Both attracted the boy.

He stood up quickly. 'You're a right good piece out of the way,' he answered.

'I think that indeed I must be,' laughed the young woman. 'I have been wandering about for the last two hours trying to find it.'

'It's easy enough to get lost around here,' said Jeff, politely; 'the roads are so mixed up.'

The young woman laughed. 'I should think so. You see, I started out on a little exploring trip all by myself.'

Jeff caught up his hat, and put it on. Then, raising his pails of berries, he said, 'I'll show you the road.'

'O, thank you! If it will not take you out of your way.'

'I am going that way, any way,' answered Jeff. But he did not say that he had intended taking a cross cut home, through the ravine; for he was tired.

'You have not the speech and accent of the country around here,' she said, suddenly.

'We've not always lived here.' Then, encouraged by her sympathetic manner, Jeff recounted how, five years before, his father, failing in health in the city, had taken the position of station master at Berry, the next station to Warren. 'Then he bought the little place we're living in. I'm going to be a farmer; but I don't want to be one like those around here. I want to go to the Agricultural College, and learn how to do things scientifically.'

'Why, that is a fine ambition,' said the young woman, warmly. 'And to farm around here, with these wonderful mountains for company, would be a beautiful life.'

'I love the mountains,' said Jeff, simply.

By this time they had reached the point where a road branched off straight to Warren.

'You can't miss it now,' said Jeff.

His companion thanked him warmly. 'I don't know what I should have done if I had not met you,' she said; 'for I could not see a house at which to make inquiries.'

The boy watched her retreating figure till

it disappeared behind a bend of the road.

'I'm glad I met her,' he said, aloud.

A walk of half an hour brought Jeff to the small house which differed from the usual house of the mountains in its neatly-kept garden and yard.

His mother was sitting on the porch, sewing. She was a thin, pale woman, with prematurely gray hair and kind, blue eyes.

'You are late,' she said; 'but what fine berries,' she added, as Jeff sat down the pails beside her.

'I picked them up on Bell's Knob. There's lots there.'

'I'll jelly them this evening. Put them in the springhouse now. Your dinner is in the oven. You must be hungry.' Mrs. Miller looked affectionately at her son.

When he had eaten his dinner, Jeff came out and sat on the step of the porch near his mother. He told her about the young woman who had lost her way. 'That is why I was so late. It was a good bit around to put her on the right road.'

'I am glad that you happened to be there to help her,' returned his mother.

Presently Jeff said: 'I saw Mr. Moore this morning, and he told me that the fair opens the 1st of September.'

His mother's eyes left her work to rest on his face. An anxious look had crept into them.

'I think you must give up your idea of taking Star there,' she said, gently.

'Why?' asked Jeff, quickly.

'Because your father thinks she ought to be sold.'

'Father is not fair!' exclaimed Jeff, hotly. 'He might give me a chance to enter her for the prize. It's only six weeks now. It could not make much difference to keep her that much longer.'

'No,' answered his mother, with increased gentleness of tone, 'it wouldn't; but he has a good chance now for you to sell her. Mr. Dale says he will buy her, if he finds her as your father represented her. You are to take her over there in the morning.'

'O!' exclaimed Jeff.

His mother let her sewing drop to her lap. 'Your father won't be home till to-morrow evening. He met Mr. Dale on his way to dinner.'

Jeff made no reply. His mother watched him anxiously a moment, and then resumed her sewing.

'Father is not fair. Because he does not think I need much education to farm, he won't help me to get to college. I feel sure Star would take first premium. And that money would be a great help with the hundred dollars Uncle Ed left me.' For all his sixteen years, Jeff had to blink hard to keep back the tears.

'I am so sorry, dear,' said his mother, softly.

'I know, mother.' Jeff stood up, and leaned over his mother and kissed her. 'You can't help it. Don't worry. I'll try to hope for something else. Is there anything you want done?' he asked.

'No, not till evening. Do as you please till then.'

Jeff crossed the yard to the road, and made his way to a shady hillside overlooking the valley. He threw himself on the soft grass. His thoughts were in a tumult. If they had been put into words, they would have read somewhat like this:

'Father's not just. He ought to give me a chance to try for that prize. If I could get a start at the Agricultural College, I am sure of being able to earn enough to keep me there. If I am going to be a farmer, I want to be a tiptop one. He thinks farmers don't need much education.'

He remained there till the lengthening shadows on the mountains warned him that it was growing late.

'I'll go and get Star,' he muttered, as he stood up.

He descended the hillside, and followed the road to a strip of meadow back of the house.

A cow was grazing at the further side of it. She came readily at Jeff's call. She was a beautiful creature—dark red, with a large, white star in the centre of her forehead.

'You are a beauty!' said Jeff, as the animal came to him. It rubbed its nose against his arm. Jeff threw an arm around its neck. The cow turned its mild eyes on him. It seemed to the boy that their expression was sad. Again it rubbed his arm with its nose.

'Come on,' said Jeff, and the cow followed him docilely to the barn to be milked.

When Jeff entered the kitchen with two pails of foamy milk, his mother was there preparing supper.

'You will miss this,' he said.

His mother sighed. 'You father thinks it is cheaper for us to buy the little milk we need.'

The next morning Mrs. Miller said to Jeff: 'You must get to Mr. Dale's as soon as you can. He goes away so early. If you miss seeing him, the sale may be lost.'

So, immediately after breakfast, Jeff started, with Star following him willingly.

It was a beautiful morning. Ordinarily, Jeff would have noticed the mist about the mountain-tops—how it hung in soft, veil-like draperies as the sun bore down upon it. And he would have enjoyed the fresh odor of the pines. His mind was too much occupied with the approaching loss of Star. He was so fond of the cow. She had been given to him when a small calf by a neighbor who was leaving the country, and he had always had the care of her himself. The thought of giving her up was painful in itself. He felt so sure of her taking the premium at the fair. There was no other cow in the neighborhood so fine, he felt sure. He felt almost bitter towards his father. 'He's not fair,' he kept repeating to himself. When he reached Mr. Dale's farm, it was to be told that he had gone to Warren.

'He left word,' said Mrs. Dale, that you could follow him there with the cow, if you wished. You will find him at the bank.'

Jeff's first feeling was of relief. Star need not be sold now; for, of course, it was not his fault if Mr. Dale were not there, as his father had expected he would be. He had come early enough. He could not be expected to follow Mr. Dale up. It did not seem as if he were very anxious to buy the cow, any way.

He turned to retrace his way home. He had gone but a short distance when he met old Mr. Wells, a man who had had much experience with cattle. He stopped to look at Star. 'She's a fine cow,' he said. 'You ought to enter her at the fair. I think that she'd have a chance for the first prize.'

'I don't see why father doesn't see what a fine animal she is,' Jeff thought, after Mr. Wells had gone on. 'Every one else does. Well, she'll not be sold this time, and I can't help it.'

But even as he thought this, it occurred to him that he could help it. He ought to go on to Warren and find Mr. Dale. Jeff's steps became slower and slower. He was having a struggle with himself. All he need do was to tell his father that Mr. Dale was not at home, and—. But when his thoughts reached this point, Jeff wheeled suddenly around. 'Come on, Star,' he said, 'we'll go on to Warren. It's the only right thing to do.'

Jeff walked along briskly now, Star close beside him. When he reached Warren, he went direct to the bank, and, tying the cow to a post, went in and asked for Mr. Dale. He was told that Mr. Dale had left some time before to take the train for Walton

'Well,' thought Jeff, 'I have done my best. Father can't find fault with me. Mr. Dale surely doesn't want the cow very much.'

Jeff was starting home with Star when he saw coming down the street the young woman whom he had met the day before. A tall, pleasant-faced gentleman was with her.

'O,' she exclaimed, 'here is my friend of yesterday!' and she walked over to Jeff, the gentleman following her.

Jeff took off his hat politely. 'This is my brother,' said the young woman. 'I had just been telling him about your kindness yesterday.'

The gentleman shook Jeff's hand. 'That is a fine cow you have there,' he said, looking Star over critically.

'Is she yours?' asked the young woman.

Jeff explained how he happened to have Star with him. 'But I am glad that it has happened so. I want to keep her. Perhaps, after all, I shall be able to induce father to let me do so, any way, till after the fair. I feel sure that she would take first premium.'

'She is certainly a fine animal. But why does your father not wish you to keep her?' asked the gentleman.

Jeff colored. 'He thinks it is cheaper for us to buy our milk,' he answered. 'You see, Star was given to me when she was a calf. I hate to give her up; and I'd like to have that premium money to help me start to Agricultural College with.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, smiling, 'perhaps we can help you out. We are looking for a cow. My sister and I are to spend the winter here in Warren. We have rented the old stone cottage. How would you like to hire Star to me? That would give you a chance to enter her at the fair, too.'

'O,' said Jeff, 'that would be splendid! I think father will not object to it.'

'I shall come and see him. I am sure we can arrange matters to suit all around.'

The young woman put her hand on Star's head. The cow looked at her with her mild eyes, and then rubbed her nose on Jeff's arm.

'I am sure that I shall love her. How gentle she is!' she said. Then, turning to her brother, she said: 'You are wanting some one about the place. Perhaps'—here she looked at Jeff—'perhaps we could make some arrangement with you. My brother could direct you what to study to prepare for that college you were speaking of yesterday. He is a teacher in a college himself. He is here to have quiet while he is working on a book.'

'Murray is my name,' said the gentleman, smiling.

'O!' exclaimed Jeff. 'Professor John Murray!'

'Yes,' answered the gentleman.

'It is almost too good to be true, my meeting you!' said Jeff. Every one knew Professor Murray's reputation as one of the first scientific men of the country.

Professor Murray warmly shook the boy's hand. 'I hope the meeting is for our mutual benefit,' he said, kindly.

'Thank you,' answered Jeff, gratefully. 'If you need a boy about your place, I know father will be glad for me to come. And,' he added firmly, 'I'll do my best.'

'Then,' said Miss Murray, 'come over to our place now with Star. We'll drive out this evening and see your father. I am so glad we met you. Everything has turned out so nicely.'

As Jeff walked home, he thought so, too. 'And if I hadn't gone on to Warren after Mr. Dale, as I ought to have done, I would not have met them. I hope father will do as Professor Murray proposes. I am sure Star will take the prize.'

Star did take the first premium, and Jeff was happy. 'I'll do all I can to help you to college,' Mr. Miller said to him; 'but Professor Murray is doing so much that there will not be much left for me to do.'

Lady Li's Tooth.

Dr. Anderson, of Tali Fu, China, tells in 'China's Millions' the following story, showing the importance of medical mission work in China:

It is often very difficult to win the confidence of the Chinese. They are taught to regard the foreigner as a wicked man, who comes to their country for the purpose of injuring them, or getting rich at their expense. When they see him doing his best to heal the suffering bodies of their friends, and succeeding to a degree that had not been dreamt of, they are first surprised, then perplexed, and finally, in many cases, convinced that in this instance, at least, they have found a good man who desires to benefit their fellowmen. At once the barriers of prejudice begin to break down, and a heart may be opened for the Gospel. In this land of thronging millions, living in dense ignorance of the science of healing, we find that souls can be reached through the suffering bodies when attempts by other means have failed. Here is a bright boy of some twelve summers. When he came to us that morning, he looked wistfully into my face to hear whether I thought he could be cured or not. The two servants whom his father sent with him received the medicines and promised to act according to instructions. In a month or six weeks the boy brought a gift of two chickens,

some beautiful white flour and a basket of fruit, in token of his gratitude for being cured.

A few months later I was sitting in my study, when two men entered our yard and asked for Han Sien Seng. I went out to meet them, and said, 'That is my name. What do you want?' They presented a Chinese visiting card, and said that their master sent his best respects with his visiting card, and requested me to come to his residence. Accepting the card, I asked who their master was and what he wanted of me? They replied that his Excellency Mr. Li was their master, and that he desired me to see Lady Li, who was sick. While accompanying them, I asked how his Excellency heard about me. 'Oh,' they said, 'you must surely remember that it was this same Mr. Li who sent his little son to you when he was suffering from a very serious disease. Our Chinese doctors had tried to cure the boy, but failed, so his Excellency sent him to you, and you cured him. His Excellency thinks you will also be able to cure Lady Li.'

Entering a large building on the principal street of the city, I found myself in the guest hall of a magistrate's residence. The usual polite formalities were observed as I was introduced to the gentlemen of the family. Then thinking it was time to do business, I remarked that if it was convenient I might now see Lady Li. 'But, you know,' they said, 'it is against our rules of etiquette for a gentleman of other households to see our ladies.'

Here was a formidable difficulty. I had come at their invitation to visit a sick lady, and was refused admittance according to the rules of society, yet was expected to treat the patient. There were various courses open for me, but the question was, Which is the best one to pursue? Early in my work in China I had an experience that prepared me for such a predicament. On that occasion I had also gone in response to a pressing invitation to see a sick lady, and was politely told that it was against their rules of good breeding for me to see her; but that the friends could explain the character of her disease. After hearing what they had to say about the sick person, I told the friends that I must see her. They looked surprised, and asked what I wanted to see her for? 'Well,' I said, 'I wish, for example, to feel her pulse.' 'That is all right,' they said, 'we will let you feel her pulse.' Accordingly I was led up to a door that opened into an adjoining room. At the back of this door stood the sick lady, and I had to feel her pulse by putting my arm round the door which hid her from my view. Not satisfied with this, I again protested to the friends that I must see her. Again they looked at me with a curious stare, and asked whatever I wanted to see her for. Desiring both to see my patient and to give them such a reason as they could understand for so doing, I said that I wished to look at her tongue. Some of the friends nodded an acknowledgment that my request was a proper one, but others shook their heads gravely. There was a short hurried consultation; then I was invited to approach one of the windows. Windows in the interior of China are very different from those with which my readers are familiar. The one in question was a wooden frame, resembling a piece of lattice work, with thin paper pasted over to keep out the wind. One of these little panes of paper had a hole in it, and through this hole I had to peer at the tongue of the sick lady, who was standing on the outside of the window with her mouth open.

I benefited by this experience, and when called to visit Lady Li knew better how to act. When Lady Li's friends told me that it was against their rules of propriety for me to see her, I turned the tables on them by saying it was against my rules to prescribe until I had first seen my patient. As in the previous case, so now the friends asked what I wanted to see Lady Li for. I then explained that only by seeing the patient could I tell what disease she might be suffering from, and it was only after discovering the disease that I could know what medicines were necessary. The oldest son, a young man of about thirty, said he could tell me what his mother was suffering from. I remarked that it required a doctor to discover what disease a person might have. The young man smiled as he said, 'Well, I am not a doctor, but I know what is the matter with my venerable mother.' Willing to hear what he might say, I asked, 'Well, what is the matter?' 'Toothache,' he replied. For a moment I felt slightly embarrassed, then said quietly, 'Yes, it may be toothache, but I must know what kind of toothache. Some kinds can be cured with medicine and some cannot, so I can do nothing until I first see Lady Li and inspect the tooth.' This brought matters to a crisis. His Excellency at length came forward and said, 'We observe our rules of etiquette, and it is quite proper that our foreign friend should observe his rules. This is his matter, and I see no reason why he should not be allowed to attend to it in his own way. Besides, he cured my boy after our physicians had tried and failed. It will do no harm for him to see Lady Li.' Accordingly I was led into the lady's apartments and introduced to Lady Li. After inspecting the tooth I told them that medicine could not cure it, and that it should be extracted. They seemed greatly surprised, and, thinking that she must have misunderstood me, the lady asked if I really meant to pull the tooth right out. 'Yes,' I said, 'just pull it right out.' 'Oh!' she said, 'that would be desperately painful, but how could you do it?' I assured her that the pain would not be so desperate as she anticipated, and explained that I had a nice little instrument in my possession, made for the purpose of taking out teeth, then waited for their decision.

It was a test that many an American or European lady would have shrunk from, and I did not expect Lady Li to have the fortitude to submit to the operation. Her decision was promptly made. Said she, 'If you can take it out as you have described I will be very thankful, for I have been unable to sleep for three nights, and the pain even now is very severe.' It did not take long to fetch the desired forceps from the Mission house and extract the aching tooth. Lady Li was delighted. Her toothache was cured as if by magic. Not only so, but she felt herself to be an illustrious woman. No other lady of her acquaintance ever had a tooth extracted, and she was quite proud of the distinction.

A Lesson on Forgiveness.

Once in the olden time, and in a far-off country, there lived a saintly man who, because of his constant charities and his kindness to all who were in any kind of need, was called John the Almsgiver. He was Bishop of Alexandria, and was continually sought after for his wise counsel and his sympathy.

On one occasion a certain nobleman desired to speak with him, and when admitted into his presence, poured out an angry tale of one who had grievously offended him. 'That man,' he cried passionately, 'has so deeply injured me that I can never forgive him—no, never!'

The Bishop heard him in silence, and after a pause said it was his hour of prayer. Would he go with him into the chapel? The nobleman complied, and, following him, they knelt down together. Then the Bishop began to repeat aloud the Lord's prayer, his companion saying it after him.

When he got to the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those who trespass against us,' he paused, and the nobleman, not heeding, went on with the words alone. Finding his voice was alone, he, too, stopped, and there was a solemn silence.

Then the message sent by God's grace flashed like lightning through his mind. He was calm; his anger was gone; and rising from his knees, he hurried to the man who had offended him, and there, on the spot, forgave him freely.

Yet another lesson of forgiveness has come down to us from the same saintly man. He had remonstrated with the Governor of Alexandria for some oppression of the poor, and the Governor, resenting his interference, had dismissed him with anger and bitter words. John was deeply pained, and all day long grieved over the hasty temper of one whom he believed to be a Christian. The evening hour came; then he took a strip of parchment and sent it to the Governor, after writing on it the simple words, 'The sun is setting,' leaving them to carry their own suggestions with them.

Again God sent the message home and the Governor, rushing to his friend with open arms, did not 'let the sun go down upon his wrath.'

Perhaps some of us may need the lesson, too. If we have ever cherished unkind thoughts toward somebody who has not treated us well, if a word from a neighbor has rankled in our mind and roused resentment, if we have ever said that unmeaning speech, 'Well, I'll forgive, but I can't forget,' let us remember John of Alexandria, and the way he brought home to others the need of a forgiving spirit. Better still, let us recall the words of Jesus, who, in answer to Peter's question, 'How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?' replied, 'I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven.'—The 'Banner.'

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary;
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very!
Her nose was pug and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her;
But she mended the fire and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown;
And she looked so gay when she so came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter;
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing;
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

—'Scottish Mothers' Magazine.'

In Rose-pink.

(Lily Sherman Rice, in 'Light and Life.')

'Tabitha,' said Kitty, solemnly, as she settled herself in my hammock for our last vacation afternoon, 'Tabitha, I'm going to do my missionary work in rose-pink this year.'

'In what?' said I.

Kitty laughed. 'Something Cousin Ruth was telling me put it into my head, she explained. 'You know Ruth does such quantities of fancy work,—always keeps something on hand to take up when she has a spare minute.

One evening last winter, she told me, she was turning over her bag of scraps to see what she should make next, and she found some lovely rose-pink wool, just enough for a pair of bed-shoes. And all at once she took a fancy to knit it up for a home missionary's wife she knew about in Dakota. Fan and Win laughed at her, she said, for not choosing some serviceable color, and she began to think herself perhaps it was a little foolish. But she made them up and sent them off. And then such a letter as she had from that missionary! We nearly cried when she read it to us,—it seemed so pathetic that any one should be so pleased with such a little thing. And it was just the prettiness of it that seemed to please her most.

They had so many useful things sent them, she said, and they needed them enough, and were thankful enough for them, she was sure; but to have anybody think of sending them something just because it was pretty, seemed to go right to her heart. When I heard that, Tab, I said to myself, "Now, Kitty Kemp, there's something in your line. You may not amount to so much as some people on the useful, perhaps, but you can come out strong on the ornamental."'

'So you're going to concentrate yourself on worsted bed-shoes?' I inquired, with some sarcasm. 'I hope they won't all be sent to Bombay.'

'How dull you are to-day, Tab,' answered Kitty, with dignity. 'Don't you know a metaphor when you hear one? I mean I'm going to set myself to helping the missionaries with their pleasures, and leave "assisting them in their toils" to the rest of you.

'I'm afraid they don't have much time for pleasures,' said I, doubtfully.

'They ought to,' Kitty answered. "All work and no play makes Jane a dull girl," abroad as well as at home, I should suppose. They must need rest, and change, and fun, now and then, just as much as any of us,—oh, more than any of us! And it must be a great deal harder for them to get it. I know I've heard them say they dreaded to have vacations come, because they couldn't tell how to spend them. It's trying enough seeking your summer places in this country, if you haven't got your own home to go to. But fancy looking up board among naked savages!' (I opened my mouth to protest against such a libel on our 'native brethren,' but Kitty made a little face at me, and talked straight on.) 'Poor things,' she said, 'they haven't anywhere to go, unless they go visit another missionary,—and there they're right in the mill again. And sometimes they make up a party, and think they'll all go off together to some quiet place; and when they get there the quiet place just swarms with lame, and halt, and blind, and they spend their days and nights bandaging 'em, and dosing 'em, and are perfectly delighted if they can get 'em to listen to a Bible reading between whiles. And then they write home what opportunities they find for doing good. "Opportunities for doing good!"' Kitty repeated, with scorn; 'I don't believe in doing good at such lightning-express rate. You can't keep it up all the time. You've got to stop now and then and put in coal. It's magnificent, but it isn't war.'

'Calm yourself, Katherine dear,' said I, 'and explain to your benighted friend how you propose to make war and put in coal, all in rose-pink shoes.'

'O, don't joke, Tab,' Kitty answered. 'It just makes my heart ache to think how little there is I can do. I wish I could have every one of them to spend the summer with us, out under our big trees. It's so seldom they can come home. And when they do they can't help bringing a good many of their anxieties with them. It seems to me the only way is for us all to do every single thing we can to make it pleasant for them while they're gone. I've thought about it a good deal this summer, and I've thought of several things I can do.'

'Go on,' I said, as Kitty hesitated.

'Well,' said she, 'for one thing, I'm going to be on hand every time anybody in our neighborhood is sending off a missionary box, and I'm going to have something pretty to put in it. It can be useful, too, if it happens so, but it's got to be pretty. And I shall try to have something new, something she hasn't seen before; that will be interesting to her. I shall keep watch as I do my shopping, you know. There'll be things enough.'

'Do you mean things to wear?' I asked.

Kitty looked a little troubled. 'I don't know about that,' she said. 'It doesn't seem so nice to send such things unless it's a personal friend. I shouldn't want the missionary to think I felt as if she were an object of charity. (I wish we didn't have to treat the home missionaries so. But we can't help that—at least, you and I can't, Tab.) But I don't know as there's any harm in embroidered handkerchiefs; there're always new styles in handkerchiefs. And mull frills—I saw such a lovely one the other day, and I bought it to begin my missionary box with. I'm going to take my pink glove-box, you know, to keep the things in. I don't believe if I were a missionary, and a girl sent me a mull frill and a little note with it to say she thought perhaps I'd like it because they were so new, and all the girls at home were so taken with them, I don't believe I should be hurt; do you?'

'No, Kitty dear, I don't,' I said, quite touched by the humility in her tone; 'and mull frills would be becoming to you. Where is yours, anyway? Didn't you buy one for yourself, too?'

'I had so much else to see to that day,' Kitty explained, and hurried on with her little discourse. 'There're lots of other things,' she said. 'Books, now—it seems to me a missionary'd like a new book just as well as anybody. And even if I didn't happen to get the very one that suited her best, she'd take a satisfaction in seeing it round, and thinking she had something that was just out, I guess; I know I always do. Of course I couldn't afford expensive books, but there're ever so many that I could. "Jackanapes," now, and the rest of Mrs. Ewing's books—they'd have been nice to send if I'd only thought of it when there was such a rush for them. And so many dear little books of poetry, and, perhaps, once in a great while,—if my ship comes in,—a book of travels.'

I suggested that there were lovely little religious books; but Kit wasn't so sure about those. 'They seem more in the line of their work,' she objected. Besides, they're more likly to get them some other way. No; I think I shall minister solely to the secular side of my missionaries. I wouldn't even mind if they really grew just the least little bit frivolous. You see, I'm going to adopt a missionary or two of my own,' she added; 'somebody that I can be sending things to by mail between times. I'm not going to adopt them with pomp and ceremony, so they'll feel under obligations to me, of course; and I'm not going to expect them to write and thank me for every silly little thing I send them, either. I'm going to tell 'em particularly they needn't. Of all things, I do think writing letters must be the biggest nuisance to a missionary. I think how hard it is for you and me just to write home regularly in term time! But there's the teacher whose own circle sent the Christmas box last year, you know. She wrote to me in reply because I was secretary; and it was such a bright, cordial note, that I've felt acquainted with her ever since. So I don't think it would be taking a liberty for me to mail her a magazine, or a photograph, or a newspaper clipping now and then, just as I would to any friend. And perhaps it will be a sort of diversion to her to have them come when she isn't looking for them. I'm going to keep her in mind, you see, and whenever anything turns up that I think she'd like, I'm going shares with her if I can. And I've got my eye on some Soule photographs—Scripture subjects, like what Ruth uses to illustrate the Sunday School lessons with. I'm going to try for a set of those for her Christmas present; and I'm watching the papers for dainty bits of poetry, such as she'd like to read to her scholars, and whenever I see a first-rate joke I'm going to save that for her. I'd like to send a whole circulating library full of jokes to all the mission stations.'

'I fancy the missionaries make a good many jokes of their own,' I said.

Kitty hastened to agree with me. 'O, I know they do. It's a perfect marvel to me that they can be so bright and happy in spite of everything. It's their faith and trust that keep them so, of course. But it seems to me they must have to use the means, like the rest of us. And don't you think all these little things might be a sort of means?'

'Especially if they stood for loving friendship, and remembrance, and sympathy?' said I. 'Yes, Kitty dear, I do.'

A TWENTY DOLLAR CAMERA AND OTHER GOOD THINGS

That is what one boy out West is earning through selling 'Pictorials.' At least, to be exact, he is paying for just half of this fine camera in this way. It will take him 200 sold to do it, but he just sells 12 or 15 in one month, same the next and so on, paying us the proceeds in full and letting us act as it were as his bankers. He had a small camera before, but it was burnt up when his home burnt down with all his other treasures, so he started in at once again to get something better.

But boys who want smaller premiums may work in the same way. If you can't handle a big order, take a small order and do it regularly each month. You know the story of the hare and tortoise, don't you? Even with a small order, if you KEEP AT IT, you get your prize almost before you are aware and hardly notice the effort. Besides! there's the extra prize we give for 'perseverance.' Write us about that.

Our premiums are good. You can depend on them. And you can trust us to do the best possible for you. We have boys of all ages working for us, from boys of 6 and 7 to strapping youths of 16 and 17, and they are well pleased with their work and their reward.

Let us tell you of our plan and send our list of premiums. If there is something you want very much, tell us about it, and let us tell you how many 'Pictorials' it would take to secure it. We'll get it for you if it's within the range of possibility. We will welcome as agent any trustworthy boy who reads this advertisement. Send for a trial package, premium list, etc., etc. All orders given prompt and careful attention.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Some Things Christ Has a Right To.

Christ has a right to the best you have. Consecration is a deep, far-reaching, and perennial process. It is not a pious spasm, or the formal signing of a pledge too soon forgotten. It is enthroning the Lord Jesus Christ in the heart with full sway over your time, your purse, your brains, your affections, and your influence.—Dr. Cuyler.

Don't Rob Your Master!

(By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., Author of 'Stirring the Eagle's Nest, and Other Sermons,' in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

How many of you give a fair, honest share of your income—be it large or small—to your Master? Perhaps you are earning very little; but it cannot be less than the poor widow's 'two mites,' and Jesus praised her liberality.

I have known Christians to say, 'I cannot afford to give as much as I once did.' That may be, but when you begun to retrench, it is quite possible that you begun by cutting down your contribution to charitable and Christian objects before you curtailed in anything else. If anybody was to be scrimped, it was your Master, whereas he had the first claim, and everything else ought to wait until he has been served.

'When I get any money,' said the learned Erasmus, 'I buy books; if I have any left, I buy clothes.' There spake the genuine scholar, who cared more to feed his mind than to adorn his body.

Too many Christians say by their practice, 'If I am making money, I will treat myself to a fine turnout, or my wife to costly jewellery, and what I have no use for, I will put into the contribution-box.' The fattest sheep is killed for the table of selfishness. The poor 'crow-bait' is palmed off for sacrifice on the altar of charity.

The punishment of all such petit larceny of the Master is that the perpetrators become mere 'crow-baits' spiritually, and never become athletic in grace, or rich in heavenly treasures. 'The liberal soul shall be made fat;' all the rest are only skin and bone.

Every young Christian ought to begin with a systematic plan of beneficence, and lay aside a certain amount out of his income or his earnings for Jesus Christ. That must not be touched. If you take a dollar of that for any selfish use, you are robbing your Master.

I once had in my church an excellent member who lived in a very modest house and in very plain style, and yet put his check for quite large sums into the contribution-box on Sundays. When I once asked him to help in building a new mission chapel, he modestly said, 'The next thing I give must be a piano to my daughter.' I knew that a man who had given hundreds on a Sabbath before he would treat his child to a piano had put Christ in possession of his purse. He soon became a very prosperous man, and has given his thousands to support missionaries and endow colleges and many other benevolent purposes.

My observation has been that Christians

who give the Lord the first place in their bestowments of money usually have prospered. The same conscientiousness that kept them from robbing their Lord and Master kept them from extravagance and spendthrift indulgences and reckless speculations.

What is true of money is equally true of time. Your soul needs a certain amount of time for your Bible-reading and your private devotions. If, in order to feed your soul on the bread of life or to have a proper time for prayer, you must rise earlier in the morning, then quit your pillow the sooner. Don't cheat your soul or your Saviour.

John Wesley had a fixed rule to be out of bed and at his devotions at a certain very early hour. On one very cold morning he was tempted to break his rule; but presently the glorious old man was heard to say, 'Well, John Wesley, you may do as you like, but I am going to get up,' and out he sprang. If Wesley had not learned how to make self obey Jesus Christ in small things, he never would have founded Methodism.

If your morning hours must be so ordered as to secure time for your Bible and your devotions, see to it that nothing short of the sharpest necessity keeps you from your place in the evening gatherings of your Endeavor society. Say to other tempting invitations, 'I am engaged for this evening;' and stick to that engagement as scrupulously as a bank-teller does to his engagement to be at his post every day when the bank opens.

The reason why so many Endeavorers desert their meetings for pleasure-parties or bicycling or places of amusement is that their consciences fail to see that they are really robbing their Saviour. The pledge of attendance was not given merely to a society; it was given to Jesus Christ! The Master will miss you, even if nobody else does. Small excuses do not avail with him; and when you play loose with conscience, you rob your own soul and your Master also.

Now!

The time is short!
If thou wouldest work for God, it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!
Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the way,
Up! linger not!

Fold not thy hands!
What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

—Horatius Bonar.

The P. B. Club.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Zion's Herald.')

'I wonder if John's children always criticize people and say such disagreeable things about their friends—their best friends, too, as far as I am able to judge—as they have this last week,' and Aunt Mary softly opened the door to her room and went in. 'It's something alarming,' and the little woman sat down in the rocker by the window to think.

When she arose, it was with a 'scheme look' in her soft dark eyes. This, her brother John always declared, 'meant something of real good to somebody.'

'I'll keep a record for the next two days—and see,' she said. 'Perhaps it won't be so bad; yet, even if it isn't—if it isn't half so bad—there must be something done to prevent the children's growing up to see only the disagreeable in their friends' characters. One is so apt to overlook the sweet and the beautiful if he allows himself—in many cases unconsciously, I admit—to note and make mention of one's little mannerisms and peculiarities. And we all have them—every one of us!'

At the end of the second day Aunt Mary consulted her 'trial record,' as she called it.

'Yes; it's just as bad—perhaps worse—than I imagined,' she said to herself, rapidly glancing down the columns of her diary.

'One, two, three,—six, seven—eleven! Eleven instances of saying disagreeable things about his friends by Harold—in two days!'

Aunt Mary then turned to Floyd's 'black list.'

'Not so many—quite! But seven to his record is much too many!'

The 'remedy pucker' hastily became visible in Aunt Mary's forehead.

'Let me see about Annette.' A diary leaf was quickly turned over. 'One, two—five! Not so bad; and yet it is, too—worse, I fear. One would hardly expect such a sweet little girlie as Annette to say anything hateful about anybody; and here are five instances in the short space of two days.'

The next morning Aunt Mary called the children into the library.

'How many would like to join the P. B. Club?' she asked, after the three had taken seats about the big table.

'The—what?' asked Harold, curiously.

'I do; but I don't know what it is,' assented Floyd.

'And I, too,' agreed Annette. 'I know it's something nice if you belong. Do you, auntie?'

'I will,' replied Aunt Mary, smiling. 'I'll be one of the charter members.'

'But—what is it?' pressed Floyd.

'Yes; I don't know what a P. B. Club is,' declared Harold. 'I'm willing to join, but I want to know what it is.'

'Suppose I read the preamble—that's a pretty big word—to our constitution,' suggested Aunt Mary, taking up a small notebook from the table.

'Yes—do!' exclaimed the children, in chorus.

'"We, the members of the P. B. Club,"' read Aunt Mary, '"feeling that it is an unpleasant, as well as a positively harmful habit to fall into, agree to do all in our power to free ourselves from saying, in the future, disagreeable things about our friends.' Each of the children was silent as the reading stopped.

'I—I didn't know we'—

'Nor I,' interrupted Floyd, before Harold was able to finish his sentence.

'But we do,' declared Aunt Mary, gently, 'all of us;' and she referred to the numerous entries in her two-days' record.

'I—I remember now,' admitted Harold.

'So do I,' confessed Annette.

'I didn't know I'd said so many disagreeable things,' declared Floyd, in surprise. 'Seven is an awful number. And the worst one of all was about Winthrop Smith; and I like him better'n any boy I know—except Harold.'

'Now I'll read the pledges—we won't call them articles,' began Aunt Mary, again.

'"Pledge 1. I will try to stop before I say a disagreeable thing about anybody.

'"Pledge 2. I will endeavor, rather, to see and refer to one's good qualities.

'"Pledge 3. If I say—unintentionally—something disagreeable about any one of my friends, I will say two good things I know about him to atone for my mistake.

'"Pledge 4. I will try to show my little friends the harmful influence the saying of disagreeable things has on the character of the one who says them.'

After she had finished reading, Aunt Mary laid on the table the P. B. Club's constitution.

'Just what do the letters "P. B." stand for?' asked Harold.

'Pay Back—the Pay Back Club—don't you see? If any member says a disagreeable thing about one of her friends, he pays back by saying two good things.'

'I see; and I like the name.'

'It's dandy!' declared Floyd.

'Now, how many would like to join—become charter members?' asked Aunt Mary.

'I!'

'And I!'

'Good! We must now sign our names to the constitution,' and Aunt Mary reached for a pen. 'Harold may sign first.'

Two weeks later, Aunt Mary remarked to her brother John: 'It has succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. I haven't heard the children say a disagreeable thing about another since they signed the constitution.'

'I wish there was the P. B. Club in other families I know,' replied her brother, thoughtfully.

What We Need.

(By Anna D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

What do we need for the conflict?
What do we need for the fight?
To help us to slay and to conquer
Our fierce, wily enemies quite?
Courage is the source of might.

The soldier may don all the armor,
May, take too, his shield and his sword,
But if he is lacking in courage
The battle will go very hard:
Courage will bring the reward.

So fierce is the fighting and dreadful,
The soldier will quake with dismay
Unless he is girded with courage
To join in the fight and the fray:
Courage is needed each day.

Have courage for all of the conflict,
Let courage within you be strong
When Satan comes on with his legions,
And round all your pathway doth throng:
Courage brings triumph and song.

'Be Good and Don't get Tired.'

And I will establish his kingdom forever, if he be constant to do my commandments (v. 7). It is said that a band of Endeavorers went to the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon at a recent convention, and asked him to give them a special message. Mr. Sheldon thought a moment, then said: 'Yes, I have a message for you. Be good, and don't get tired.' And then he told them that this thought was suggested to him by one of his children, who said, 'I'm tired being good.' The person who relates the story says that he knows of one little boy who has already been helped by this message. As he was assisting his father, piling up the wood as his father sawed and split it, he kept saying to himself: 'Be good, and don't get tired; be good, and don't get tired; helping papa is being good; and, keeping at it, you mustn't get tired.' And so he finished his work happy and triumphant.—'S. S. Times.'

The Eternal Peril.

The perils that beset us here through sin are not brief and momentary dangers, possibilities of disgrace in the eyes of men, of suffering such limited pain as our bodies can endure in the disintegrating process of disease, of dying a temporal death, which, at the worst, can only cause us a few hours of anguish. A man might bear these things, and take the risk of this world's shame and sickness and death, for the sake of some darling sin.

But the truth that flashes on us like lightning from the Word of Christ is that the consequence of sin is the peril of losing an immortal spirit. 'I will forewarn you,' says he, 'whom ye shall fear: fear him who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him.'—Henry Van Dyke.

The Way You Lean.

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will also fall as it leans; that is, we shall go after what we are inclined to—is not that so?—which makes it all in all to us what the bent of our mind is.

Twenty years ago there were two boys in my Sunday School class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much, only one of them, made me sometimes feel anxious. I often found him out evenings in company of young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him, and he could not help speaking, he was sure. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: 'Is not Willie out of nights too much?' 'Willie out nights! O, no, Willie does not go out nights.'

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons, or reading with his sisters, or amusing himself at home.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.

'What is he?' I asked. 'A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse,' was the answer; 'a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ.'

'O, I'm sorry to hear it—sorry, but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is!'

Arthur! Why, didn't you know, he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time with? They could not spare him, so they had to take him in.'

'Good!' I said. 'It is just what I should have expected. He learned right.'—'Young Folks.'

Working Together.

(By Julia Johnston, in the 'Home Mission Monthly.')

Are you doing all that you can, dear girls?
  Are you doing all that you can?
Are the boys as busy as they can be
  In helping to work and plan?
Oh, let every one in each Mission Band
  Be a worker and not a drone,
For many together can do far more
  Than one can achieve alone.

But all must help, or the work of God
  Will be hindered in many ways;
And all must share in the earnest prayer
  And join in the songs of praise.
If one falls out of his place, you see,
  No other can step right in,
For every one has his own to fill
  And his own bright crown to win.

Let none be idle, or give the work
  But half a divided heart;
Let all the hands be busy and full,
  And every one do his part.
For then will the wonderful work go on
  And no precious time be lost,
And none will grieve when the crown is won,
  Whatever the work may cost.

Owing!

A lad named Sydney heard about certain bills which had to be paid, and thought he would make out a bill for what he himself had done. The next morning he laid it on his mother's plate at breakfast: 'Mother owes Sydney: For getting coals six times, 10 cents. For fetching legs lots of times, 10 cents. For going errands twice, 5 cents. For being a good boy, 5 cents. Total 30 cents. His mother read the bill, and that evening Sydney found it lying on his own plate with the 30 cents as payment, but with it was another bill: 'Sydney owes mother: For his happy home for ten years—nothing. For his food—nothing. For nursing him through his illness—nothing. For being good to him—nothing. Total—Nothing.'

When the lad had looked at this, he took the 30 cents out of his pocket, and rushed to his mother, flung his arms round her neck and exclaimed, 'Mother, dear! I was a mean wretch! Please forgive me, and let me do lots of things for you still!'

Jesus Christ has done everything for us; are we doing all we can for Him? What He most wants us to do is to let others know that He died to save them.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

A Guiding Voice.

A touching story comes to us from Minnesota. A farmer living on the edge of one of the lakes of that state started to cross it in a small sailboat one evening after dark. The wind changed, and a gust overturned the boat when he was in the middle of the lake. The surface of the water was covered with large masses of floating ice. The farmer was an expert swimmer and he struck out boldly toward the shore where he thought his house stood, but he grew confused in the darkness; the ice formed over the whole lake.

He was in a small, quickly narrowing circle, in which he beat about wildly, the chill of death creeping over his body. He gave up at last, and was sinking in the freezing water, when he heard a sound. It was the voice of his little girl calling him: 'Father! father!' He listened. The sound of her voice would tell him which way home lay. It put fresh life into him. He thought, 'If she would only call once more! But she will be frightened at the dark and cold. She will go in and shut the door—'

But just then came the cry loud and clear, 'Father!'

'I turned,' said the man afterward, in telling the story, 'and struck out in the opposite direction. I had been going away from home. I fought my way; the ice broke before me. I reached the shore and home at last. But if my dear little girl had not persisted in calling me, though hearing no reply, I should have died there alone under the ice.'

What a multitude of souls about us, like that poor man, have lost their balance, and let go their grip on the lifeboat, and are struggling amid the cold, icy waves of sin—soon to sink to the bottomless pit and be forever lost, unless someone goes as near to them as possible, and calls them in the right direction. Just one word spoken in Jesus' name may show them the right way, and be the means of their salvation.

The sound of your voice, the words you may speak, the kind action you may do, may show some one the right way home.—'Christian Observer.'

Putting Character Into Work.

Effort, not brilliancy, is the secret of high-class work. Any one can become a noted worker who will. One who has, with rare penetration, studied the character and methods of Lincoln, Professor Clark S. Beardslee, of Hartford, after describing the exhaustive and scholarly investigation by which Lincoln worked out one of his replies to Douglas, adds, 'he, even he, could illustrate an almost infinite patience of research and an almost infallible precision.' There is the twofold secret, or price, of the kind of work that lifts a man out from among his fellow-workers. There can be no precision without patience; hasty work, and surface work, are commonplace and unreliable. But precision and patience are anybody's for the taking; simple will-power is the way to get them.—'S. S. Times.'

What man can judge his neighbor aright save he whose love makes him refuse to judge him!—George Macdonald.

The Best Book for Boys.

Whitelaw Reid, when editor of the New York 'Tribune,' was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business handbook. He recommended 'The Book of Proverbs,' and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A soft tongue breaketh the bone.

Labor not to be rich.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.

A faithful witness will not lie.

The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.—'American Boy.'

LITTLE FOLKS

'I Can't Draw Glory.'

A teacher went out one day with one of her pupils to do some sketching. The little girl she took with her was about ten years of age, and quite skilful with her brush.

When the day was nearly over, the teacher looked at the sky, where the sun was setting.

'Try to make a picture of that sunset,' said the teacher to her pupil.

The little girl looked at the beautiful sight in the heavens, and then she turned to her teacher and said, 'I can't draw glory.'—Selected.

—The 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

What the Beads Told.

(By Hilda Richmond, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

'Everything goes wrong,' stormed Molly when her papa telephoned that he was too busy to take her for the drive they had planned. 'I never want to do things and get my way, so I'm going to stop counting on them.'

'You don't have half as much trouble as I do,' said Roy. 'I have worked three days to make my kite fly, and just as I got it all right it tangled up in the wires and got broken. I would just like to have things go right for once.'

'I thought you enjoyed the ride in the auto this morning when Uncle Joseph came past,' said Grandma, who was quietly knitting by the window.

'Well, that was one time,' admitted Molly, 'but everything else has gone wrong this morning.'

'How about the pretty kitten Cousin Sarah sent?' went on Grandma.

'I forgot about that,' said Molly, 'but I suppose it will run away or something.'

'Jack chewed up my ball this morning,' grumbled Roy.

'Yes, and Cousin Sarah bought you a new one when she heard about it,' said Grandma. 'I think you are both a little out of humor.

'Honest, Grandma,' said Molly, 'things have been going wrong all morning. 'I couldn't tell you how many times I've been disappointed.'

So Grandma urged her to tell everything that had happened that morning and Molly had a doleful tale. Roy added his list to Molly's, and any one who saw the forlorn little faces must have concluded that they had hard times, indeed. After a while they forgot all about what Grandma had said, and played till dinner was ready. After dinner they went for the drive and not a thing was said about being disappointed until after supper when bed-time came.

'Look here, children,' said Grandma, holding up two long strings of beads. 'Every time you told me to-day that something went wrong, I put on a gray bead and when you were happy a gold one. What do you think of the strings?'

And if you'll believe me, Roy only found five gray beads on his string and Molly four on hers! All the rest were shining gold ones, and Grandma had asked them from time to time all day what had happened, so they knew the beads were telling true stories. Then they sat down to count the gold beads and found that Molly had twenty-five and Roy thirty. Just think of that! Why, the dull gray beads hardly counted at all among the bright shining ones.

'I'll never say again that everything goes wrong!' said two voices. 'Let's hang the beads on the curtain where we can always see them and remember.'

Lost—A Smile.

Lost! a very precious thing—
Someone's little smile.
Shall we send the crier round?
Is it worth our while?

Or will it come back again
By its little self?
Come and let us search for it
On the nursery shelf.

'Our Little Dots.'

'His Name Shall be in Their Foreheads.'

'How will God write it, papa?' asked little Eve.

'Write what?' asked her father, looking up from his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house whilst mother was at church.

'See what it says,' said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. Then she read it out: 'And His name shall be in their foreheads,' she read.

'It's out of the Bible, added she, 'and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?'

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. 'God will let some one else write it,' said he.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

'When you look at grandfather's silver hair,' began her father, 'what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?' continued he, as Eve hesitated. 'Who wrote it there?'

'It wrote itself,' said Eve.

Father nodded.

'Right,' said he. 'Day by day, and year by year, the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, "This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts." That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so.'

Eve laughed.

'What a funny sort of writing!' said she.

'When little girls are cross and disobedient,' her father went on, 'where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see.'

'I know,' said Eve. 'In their faces, doesn't it?'

'And if they are good? In their faces, too. Is that what the text means?'

'That is what it means,' said father. 'Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it."—'Christian News.'

Elsie's Playthings.

'I'm so tired, mamma!'

Instantly the sewing was laid aside and the mother-eyes looked into the weary little blue ones.

'Tired of play, Elsie? Just look at the dollies on the floor, and that pretty new one over there. You are surely not tired of all your playthings so soon.'

Still the eyes dropped wearily and the curly head leaned against her mother's arm.

'Guess I've got 'oo much to play with, mamma. I'm tired in here, laying the little hand on her heart.

'Ah!' said the mother, knowingly. She gathered the little form up in her arms and rocked it gently, thinking all the time.

'Suppose we share up some of these things,' she said after a while.

'Give 'em away, mamma!' gasped the little one, sitting erect.

'No, you need not give them away if you would rather not. You can share them in other ways. Is there no little girl you could have come here to play with them?'

'Oh, there's Nellie Thrush, and Alta Drum, and Carrie——'

'No,' said mamma, gravely, 'that would not help you any.'

'Why?'

'Because they have as many pretty things as you have. Think again.'

'There's Jessie Hale,' said the little one, slowly and thoughtfully. 'Maybe she hasn't a single doll.'

'Very well,' said mamma quietly. 'Suppose we invite her to come over to-morrow and stay all afternoon?'

The tired look instantly vanished. The weary form became animated in preparation for the expected guest. All the playthings were put in order; the cradle tidied up, the pretty coverlets smoothed out and the sham and spread arranged with due care; the doll cab, hammocks and swings put into their particular places, and the numerous dolls arrayed in their best attire and admonished to be on their best behavior.

The following afternoon the mother watched the two little ones in their play. She saw the pleased expression come into the eyes of the one to whom so many toys were like fairyland. But better yet, she noted how completely the tired look had left the face of her little daughter, while perfect contentment and happiness were written there instead.

That night, as she tucked the coverlids around the little form, after hearing the drowsy voice murmur, 'Our Father,' the sleepy eyes opened to say:

'I'm tired, mamma, but I'm so rested in here!' and she fell asleep with her little hand resting lightly above her heart.

The mother knelt by the crib. 'God keep her heart always rested,' she prayed softly.—'Christian Instructor.'

Chinese 'Mother Goose.'

Little boys and girls in China have their stories and games and toys the same as we do, most surprising of all, a 'Mother Goose Book.' Doctor Headland, of Peking University, has translated many of these funny rhymes. Here is one as well known in China as 'Jack and Jill' is in this country:

LITTLE MOUSE.

He climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel
And rolled himself down.

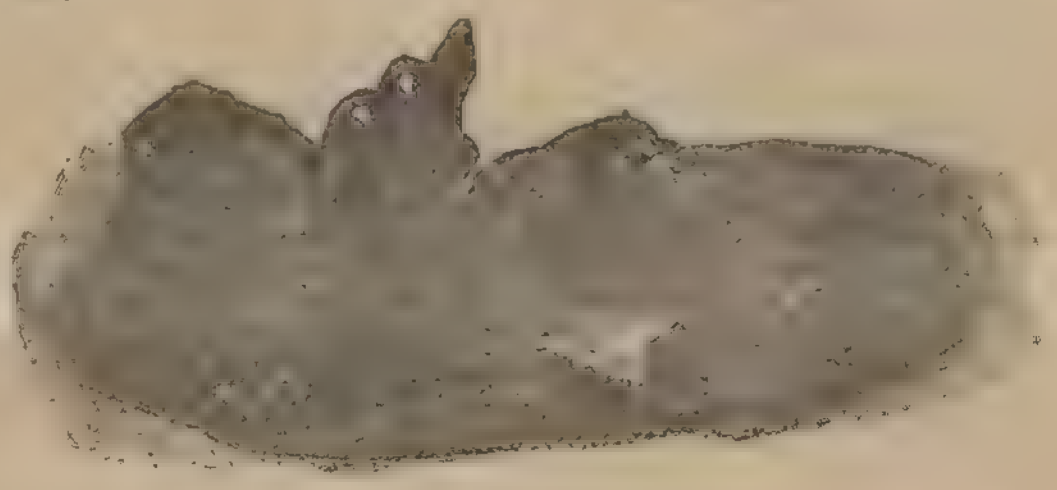
And here is the Chinese 'Little Pig' for counting baby's toes:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing
Except lie down all day.

The Little Brothers.

(By Aunt Biney, in the 'Mayflower.')

Five little brothers lived all in a row,
In a house built on purpose for them;



The walls were so tight, and the roof was so low,
One would wonder they grew to be men.

This queer little house had no window or door,
Just a hole at the top, to climb in;
But then they went out at one spring to the floor,
With the help of their friend 'Mr. Shin.'

Said big clumsy Tom to his brother Ned,
I'm so tired of this poky old place,
A window let's make, then we'll hear what is said,
And I can look once in your face.'

So they worked very hard, till they got a peep out
And were thinking what next they could do,
When the first thing they heard was a little boy shout,
'Oh, mamma! what a hole in my shoe!'

We'll whip her.

And this for the fingers:

This one's old, this one's young,
This one has no meat;
This one's gone to buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

PAT-A-CAKE.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Little girl fair,
There's a priest in the temple
Without any hair.
You take a tile,
And I'll take a brick.
And we'll hit the priest
In the back of the neck.

LITTLE SMALL FEET.

The small-footed girl
With the sweet little smile,
She loves to eat sugar
And sweets all the while.
Her money's all gone,
And because she can't buy,
She holds her small feet
While she sits down to cry.

RIDE A COCK HORSE.

Up you go, down you see,
Granny's come to pour the tea;
The tea is sweet, the wine is too;
There are eighteen camels with clothes for you.

GRINDING FLOUR.

And then for grandma
The flour we make,
And then for grandma
A cake we'll bake.

PULLING THE SAW.

We pull the big saw,
We push the big saw,
To saw up the wood
To build us a house,
In order that baby
May have a good spouse.

—Selected.

A Beautiful Thought.

Professor Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father:

'Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you.'

The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all His holy angels, sounding on their golden harps, and singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise that was ever heard in heaven, He was sure He would say to them: 'Hush, stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on earth who wants to whisper something in my ear.'—Selected.

The Good Shepherd.

Little children, follow Jesus,
None so good and kind as He:
Hear His voice for children pleading,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'

Like a shepherd He will tend you
As you walk Life's narrow way,
Homeward bear upon His bosom
Those who from His sweet fold stray.

Yes, He knows the little children
Are as lambs so weak and small;
And not one must be forsaken,
Since He died to save them all.

Little children, follow Jesus,
Through the world so big and wide;
Let Him be your tender Shepherd
Follow closely at His side.

—Selected.

Correspondence

D., Sask.

Dear Editor,—Would you please give one of your interested readers a few lines space in your valuable paper. Last time I wrote to the 'Northern Messenger' I was living in Ontario, but since then we have moved out West. It certainly is a very lonesome looking place between North Bay and Winnipeg There is nothing much to be seen but rocks, small lakes, small trees, here and there a small collection of little huts, and once in a while we passed through a small village. We passed through seven tunnels, although none of them were very long. It is very nice to look over the level country from Winnipeg to Saskatoon. We came out as far as Saskatoon on the cars, and from there out to our destination, which is thirty-five miles from Saskatoon, on a big lumber waggon. I suppose many of our eastern friends would think that would be a very tiresome way of travelling, but we children rather enjoyed it. When we got tired of riding we jumped off the waggon and ran a while. We like it out here quite well, but, of course, have found it a little more inconvenient than down east. It does seem odd how some people living in good sized houses down east, come out West and are content to live in a little sod shack. We are living on a rented farm now, but next summer we expect to live in Eagle Lake District on a homestead which will be about one hundred miles from a railway if the railway doesn't come through before then. There are a lot of gophers out here, and some coyotes and badgers, but I haven't seen any coyotes or badgers yet. My oldest brother shot twenty gophers one day. We heard before we came out West that the people out here were a very rough class of people, but we find it quite different, as our neighbors all seem very nice. I hope my letter will not be too long.

MYRA E. WINGER.

[Not too long by any means, Myra, and very interesting.—Ed.]

C., Alta.

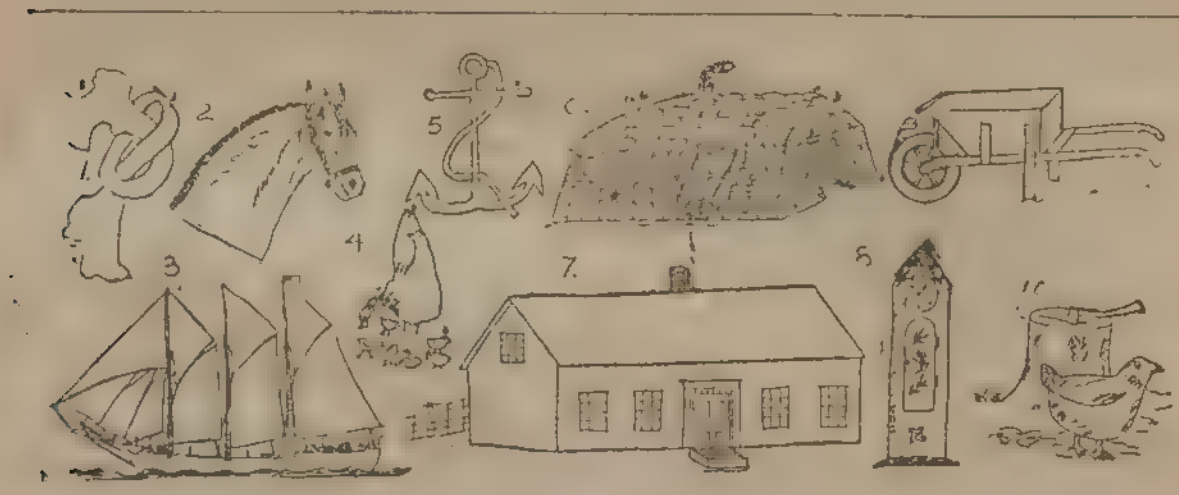
Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old living in Calgary. I came from Scotland three years ago, and I like Calgary all right. We have a white pony named Billy and a dog named Teddy Bear. They are both great pets. I have a sister and a brother. I live with my father and mother. On Sunday I go to the Methodist service in the morning and the Baptist Sunday School in the afternoon.

JEAN J. D.

U., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I will be eight years old in December. I have three brothers, their names are Clarence and Raymond and Roy. I am in the third grade at school. The school is about two minutes walk from my home. There is a brook near our house, and my brothers caught a good many trout in it this summer. We live near the Shubenacadie River, but we cannot go in bathing as the water is so muddy. The fishermen catch gasperana, salmon, shad, bass, and smelt in the river. We have a dog named Bruce and a cat named Muff. My papa is a carpenter and works away from home in the summer. This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.'

GLADYS PEARL MacKEIL.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Knot tied in a bone.' Raymond D. MacKiel (age 9), U., N.S.
2. 'Horse's Head.' Fred. Tully (age 11), R., Man.
3. 'Schooner.' H. H. Reid, P. H., N.S.
4. 'Hen and Chickens.' Clarence C. MacKiel (age 12), U., N.S.
5. 'Anchor.' John Barbrick (age 12), U., N.S.
7. 'Our Sod Shack.' Myra E. Winger, D., Sask.
7. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Maud Lockhart (age 10), U. S., N.S.
8. 'Grandfather's clock.' Arthur Cody (age 12), S. J., N.B.
9. 'A Wheelbarrow.' Basil Colpitts (age 11), F. G., N.B.
10. 'A Chicken.' A. L. P. (age 10), P., Ont.

A BLACK-AND-TAN DOG.

'Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!' The door-bell rang persistently and Mrs. Morris proceeded to answer its summons. But when the door was opened there appeared, not the friendly neighbor she had expected, but a large black-and-tan dog, who had by reaching up with his great, shaggy forepaws accidentally rung the bell. He trotted confidently in and seated himself on the luxurious arm-chair, in the cozy, front parlor. After a brief survey of his surroundings, he settled himself down for a comfortable nap.

'Charlie! Charlie!' called Mrs. Morris, after assuring herself that the dog had no intention of leaving. 'Come here quick! I've something for you!'

A curly-headed little boy ran out of an adjoining room, and seeing the dog, cried: 'Oh, mother! Isn't that just fine! I've wanted a dog for ever so long, and now I can have one of my very own.'

'Yes, darling!' replied Mrs. Morris. 'But he may belong to someone in town.' And she told him the manner in which the dog had arrived. Charlie listened until she had finished, but took an entirely different view of the matter.

'Why!' he said. 'Maybe that's only a trick somebody has taught him. Let's try and see if he will do it again.'

Their visitor evidently agreed, for he willingly went out on the street once more. But not for long, however, as a few minutes later, a loud ring at the bell announced to the eager and expectant Charlie, that this was indeed an educated dog. But he far exceeded their greatest anticipations, for after the door was opened he extended his paw for Charlie to shake, and upon being asked to sit down, he seated himself in the chair, which he had before occupied, remaining quiet for some time. Then, considering his performance ended, he frisked gaily around. Charlie and he played together all morning until dinner was announced. A large, meaty bone was eagerly accepted by the new pet, and I think he agreed with Charlie in saying, that they had spent a delightful morning.

That afternoon Mrs. Morris concluded to call on a family of the name of Hartney, who had just arrived in the neighborhood. The garden occupied the space of ground in the front of the house, and was blossoming with beautiful fuchsias and petunias. Charlie and his mother had stopped to admire them, when Mrs. Hartney's door-bell pealed loud and imperative. They looked quickly up, only to see their new friend (who, of course, accompanied them) standing unconcernedly before it. He was evidently practising his peculiar feat on the people whom they intended to visit. Mrs. Morris apologized for the disturbance to the maid who answered the bell, but she was unprepared for the shout of joy which came from an adjoining room.

'Here's Laddie back, mamma!' a little voice called.

'It must be that little boy's dog!' whispered Charlie to his mother. 'We'll have to let him have him, of course.'

A lady now came hurriedly in from an outer apartment, and upon seeing the dog was almost as overjoyed as the child himself.

'You see, it's this way!' she explained. 'Harold, my little boy, has been a cripple for many years, and during this time his only companion and playmate has been Laddie. One of Harold's chief amusements was teaching him the tricks which he has just performed. Indeed, at times you would almost believe he is human, so great is his understanding. When we missed him this morning Harold was almost heart-broken. He did not believe we should ever find Laddie again, being strangers in the town. So this explains how overjoyed Harold is to get his dog back again.'

Harold and Charlie became firm friends during the stay that followed, and Laddie played gaily around them.

While returning home Mrs. Morris stopped at the office where Charlie's father was employed. A few whispered words passed between them while Charlie was gazing intently at the antics of a monkey on the opposite street. Then they went on once more, and a few minutes later arrived home. Charlie was somewhat desolate without Laddie, but soon recovered his usual joyousness.

When Mrs. Morris left his office that evening a black-and-tan dog almost like Laddie trotted behind him. A beautiful collar was around his neck, and attached to it was a card upon which were these words: 'For the little boy who without a murmur restored the playmate of whom he had grown so fond to his unfortunate friend.'

'Why it can't be for me, mamma,' Charlie said when he had read the writing. 'I did nothing like that.'

'Oh, yes! you did!' she replied. 'Many little boys would have grumbled and cried over giving up a dog like Laddie.'

So Charlie was at last convinced that the dog was indeed for him.

'Carlo shall be his name!' he cried delightedly, and the dog soon found he was established in a very pleasant household, for from one and all he received nothing but pleasant words.

A year passed by, and the friendship which had so quickly developed between Charlie and Harold had not been marred by a quarrel. The services of an experienced physician were secured for Harold, and now he is no more the helpless cripple, but runs about and plays like other boys, while Laddie and Carlo are, like their two young masters, seldom seen apart.

MORTON MacMICHAEL (age 13),

H., N.B.

A Chance to Interest Your Neighbors or to Remember Your Friends.

The 'Messenger' to NEW SCBSCRIBERS from now to the end of 1908, including the TWO SPECIAL TERCENTENARY NUMBERS of the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' (price, 15c. each).

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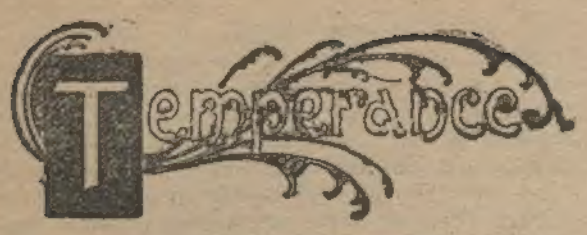

O Come, Come Away.

Tune, 'O come, come away.'

(By Philip Allen.)

O come, come away! Intemperance forsaking.
The poison cup, give it up. O come, come away.
Disease and death are in the bowl,
And swift destruction to the soul
Then from its base control,
O come, come away.

When sparkles the wine, when reddens the color.
Then lift not up the fatal cup, but turn, turn away.
Look not upon it then, forsooth
It biteth like a serpent's tooth
Old age and blooming youth,
Then come, come away.

Until sweet temperance the family circle blessing.
Her blessings sends, her sway extends, O come, come away.
For surer far is he to cure
His ills, whose drink is water pure
And life's trials well endure,
Then come, come away.

Away to the polls old men and young advancing,
With nerves of steel and hearts that feel, O come, come away.
Like freemen take a noble stand,
A true and faithful Temperance band,
And vote rum from the land,
O come, come away.

Redgrave, Ont.

Meeting and Knowing Temptation.

How shall we know temptation when it comes? The answer is very plain. By companionship with Christ.

A young man of intemperate habits was converted. A former associate met him and asked him into a saloon to have a drink. He said, 'I cannot; I have a friend with me.' 'Oh, that is all right; bring your friend with you,' said the man. 'No,' said he, 'the Lord Jesus Christ is my friend, and he will not go into a saloon and does not wish me to go.' This is the real test. Imagine Jesus with you, your Friend at your side, his eyes upon you—would you do the thing?

This is no imagination. It is reality. Jesus is by our side. His eyes do see; his ears do hear; and his heart really cares.

And how shall we meet temptation when we know it? In the same way. First, by quickly realizing our relationship with Christ—that his honor is wrapped up in us, that his confidence is fixed upon us; also by wielding strongly the weapon of 'all prayer,' and drawing quickly the 'sword of the Spirit,' the Word of God. Pray as if all depended upon God. Fight as if all depended upon you.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Some Drinkers' Logic.

Russel Sage was much opposed to drinking. He would often rail with homely and humorous wisdom against drink.

'Men drink,' he said one day to a broker, 'because they are happy, because they are sad, because they are too warm, because they are too cold. Is there any logic in that?'

'When I see men drinking I think of a little boy at the seashore. This little boy, at play, with his bucket and shovel in the sand, suddenly ran to the edge of an advancing wave, and, scooping up a handful of salt water and foam, drank it greedily.'

'"Oh, don't drink that!" said his nurse. "It will make you thirsty."

'"What if it does?" said he. "There's plenty more."'—Selected.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

A Mile With Me.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free.

And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea.

And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that clear the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain—
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!
—Henry Van Dyke.

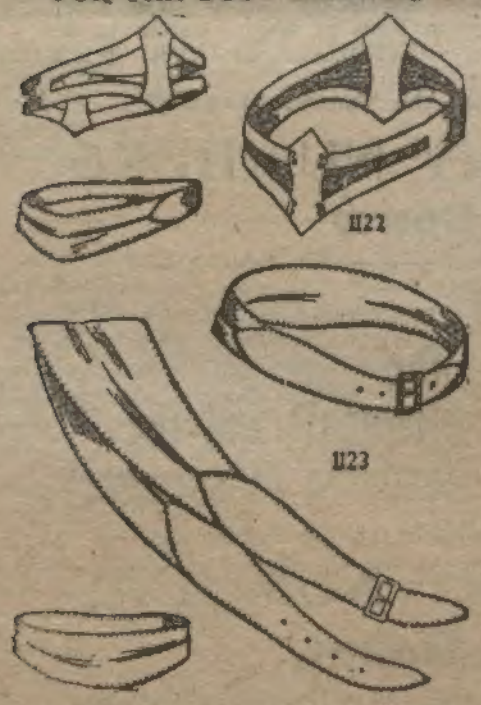
Selected Recipes.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Crush a pound of American cheese in a mortar with two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of dry mustard. When well blended add a little tarragon vinegar. Spread over thin slices of bread and they are ready to serve.

COCOANUT COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of cocoanut and one-half cup of butter; four large spoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flour enough to roll thin.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



NO. 1122—1123— LADIES' BELTS.

While one may purchase belts of nearly every style and size, it is often impossible to find just the right thing for certain costumes and figures. It is not at all difficult to make a belt that fits the waist and is out of the ordinary, if one has a perfect pattern. In No. 1122 there are two good features, one the sloping lines from back to front, and the other the arrangement for changing the crush whenever desirable. It is a skeleton or frame made over canvas and boned, and the wrinkled part is drawn underneath. Our model is of brown silk with a crush of a much lighter shade. No. 1123 has flat ends with a crush between. It is cut from a beautiful model of gray kid with a dainty and conventional design in water-colors on either side of the crushed part. It was sent from Paris by a designer, who first became known by his odd belts. It slopes a little in each part to give apparent length to the waist, and may be worn with the fastening, in front or back, as is most becoming, but always with the hollow edge at the top, and is a most effective finish to a costume. It is made in two sizes, 24 and 28 inch waist measure. Directions for making larger or smaller are given with the patterns. One and a half yard of silk or one-third of a medium sized skin if a leather belt is wanted will be required.

NO. 1375.—GIRL'S GUIMPE FROCK.

It is a pleasure to present anything new and simple in children's wearing apparel, and particularly in the little guimpe dresses that are so easily made. This model is of light blue linen with a half-inch braid and soutache of a darker shade. It is worn over any sort of blouse or waist, and has no parts that require assistance in adjusting. The pattern, No. 1375, is made in 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes, and 3 1-4 yards of 27-inch, 2 3-4 of 36-inch, or 2 1-4 yards of 44-inch material will be required for a medium size. The pattern has but four pieces, front and back of waist, half of skirt and belt. This is just the kind of frock that a girl might be taught to make for herself.

Give name of pattern as well as number, or cut out illustration and send with TEN CENTS. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Do Not Hoard Furniture.

Give away what you don't really need in your house. Don't let such things accumulate. They will soon fill attic and cellar, and overflow into other rooms, where they do no one any good. You are not likely to want them again, and it is a nuisance to have them around. Long ago we should have been obliged to get a bigger house for our growing family, if I had followed my husband's thrifty plan of 'saving things.' At first he thought I was extravagant, but now he acknowledges that if other families would likewise rid themselves of 'truck' they are not likely to use again in a thousand years, house-cleaning would be robbed of half its terrors. Thrift is a homely virtue which easily degenerates into miserliness. Some of us hoard old clothes, unused furniture, discarded bric-a-bric, and the like, simply because that habit has become so fixed we are too stingy to give such things away to worthy folks who need them. Yet we don't mean to be stingy, and are ashamed to discover that we are so.—Selected.

Unfermented Wine for the Communion Service.

It is a well-known fact that when fermented wine is used for Sacramental purposes the reformed drunkard cannot put the sacred cup to his lips without incurring the danger of a relapse into former habits. 'One of the members of our church told me that before we gave up using intoxicating wine, it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to resist taking more after the taste was excited,' writes a deacon in a western church; and this man's experience is that of many. For this reason, if for no other, churches should be careful to use unfermented wine, and they would no doubt be glad to do so if they knew how to obtain that article. Miss Willard, in her book entitled 'Woman and Temperance,' tells how the problem was solved in a church in an American city. The lady who solved it, says: 'Some time ago our church decided not to use fermented wine, but somehow a sort of logwood decoction got into the chalices, which was entirely out of place and harmful to our cause. Some of the deacons said, "We cannot have such a mixture as this—it will not answer;" and they were right. The matter troubled me. At last I said to my husband, "I can't go out much to the temperance meetings, or take an active part in the work of the Woman's Union, but I can prepare wine enough for our church of eight hundred members for all the Communions of this year, and I'll do so." It was no easy undertaking. It kept me in my kitchen wide awake, and on the alert for several days; but I've got the wine all bottled up, and the people are well pleased with it.' 'Let some lady in each church,' says Miss Willard, 'go and do likewise, and she will have helped our many sided cause in a noble, efficient way.' This lady's recipe is as follows:

Take twenty pounds Concord grapes and add two quarts of water. After crushing the grapes put them into a porcelain kettle; when at a boiling heat the juices separate from the pulp and skins. Then strain through a tin sieve or cullender, using a little more water; add six pounds granulated sugar. After the sugar is all dissolved, strain through a thick cloth. Then heat hot and pour immediately into stone bottles, and seal tightly while hot. The above will make three gallons, and if properly put up will keep any length of time; but all air must be kept from it till wanted for use. It is better to use bottles that will hold the quantity needed for each Communion.

A Montreal lady has for a number of years prepared all the wine used in the church to which she belongs, from a very similar recipe, at the small cost of 25c. a bottle. Her plan is as follows:

Take 25 pounds of grapes and a pound of sugar, mixed with a quart of water; bring to the boil, and when cool squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix the juice with four pounds of sugar, boil 15 minutes, and skim and bottle while hot in bottles taken out of boiling water. Seal with bees wax and rosin. This makes a very excellent article.

Another well recommended recipe is the following:

Take one gallon of grapes, mash them well, add half a gallon of water and let stand in an earthen jar for three days. Then run off the liquid which is at the bottom, being careful to disturb as little as possible the skins and seeds that have risen to the surface. Add a pound of sugar to each quart of grape juice, bring to the boil, and while at that temperature can in self-sealing jars or sealed bottles.

These directions are published in the hope that temperance ladies throughout the country will take the matter up, and see that the churches are provided with a pure wine for the Communion table. In regions where grapes are not to be had, arrangements might be made with a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in some other place to provide the necessary quantity at a reasonable price.

Daily Devotions in the Home.

Surely God means that there should be an altar in every house, and that religion should sanctify everything in every home. What can be said of a Christian home without daily prayer? It lacks one of the essentials of a Christian home. If a stranger should sojourn in that home for a week, or if a companion of one of the sons or daughters should tarry under the roof for a season, would he carry away with him the conviction that it was a Christian home?

Family prayer is neglected in many so-called Christian homes. The father and mother are members of the church, but no prayer that can be heard by the children is offered there from the beginning to the end

of the year. We are told that this is a growing evil. In former days family prayer in Christian homes was the rule. Now it is thought to be the exception. If this is true, it is an alarming truth. One needs to inquire no further to understand what is the matter with the churches. If family religion is declining, all religion must decline; and if this decline shall continue, the time is not far distant when the churches will be empty and conversions will cease.

In former days pastoral visits meant more than they do now. The old Methodist or Presbyterian pastor went to the homes of the people, not to talk on secular questions or enjoy a social hour, but to inquire into the religious state of the family, to give counsel and stimulate religious life. Men now living can remember the time when the pastor was wont to ask the head of the family whether family prayers were maintained regularly in the home. There may have been something embarrassing in such questions. It would seem now as though this were going too far. Perhaps the present generation would not tolerate such inquiries. But have we not gone to the opposite extreme? Could not the pastor do much to aid parents in maintaining family religion in the home? Is the indifference of pastors to this important feature of Christian life justifiable? If pastors should set about the work diligently, conscientiously, and persistently, could not hundreds of broken-down family altars be rebuilt? Could they do a better work?

Daily devotional services in the home tend to familiarize the children with religion. It is to them a part of their family life. The domestic affections and memories are insensibly mingled with religious emotions. The son who is brought up in such an atmosphere will feel a golden chain about his spirit wherever he may go in the world, holding him to the best things. He may wander, but this hallowed influence will not forsake him. Memories of home and religion are inseparably united in his mind. Many a wayward son has been brought back to the paths of virtue and religion by the sacred memories of the family altar, and thousands of others have been kept from wandering by the same holy influence.—'Christian Advocate.'

Some Notions of Self-sacrifice.

(By Elizabeth Patterson, in 'Forward.')

Life is not personal property to spend or hoard, and every healthy pleasure is like a bit of sunshine which makes it more round and complete, and by just so much as the life is capable of being broadened in just such a degree is the holder of it responsible. The more joy and gladness we absorb, the more joy and gladness we have to give out, and the stronger are we to help others. All round us are sacrifices which are noble and good, and which tend to grander, more consecrated lives; but all round us, also, are sacrifices which are wrong in their inception, wrong in their progress, and calamitous in their ending. Every one of us knows of lives, alas! sacrificed to no end, yet which were strong and capable of being broadened into infinite usefulness. It is just the poor deluded martyrs who are often most needed by the world. A life that is sacrificed for some great good, or some real usefulness, we can spare; but not one that is thrown away.

I have in mind, a strong, bright, ambitious girl who has just died. She was the only girl in a large family of boys, and had been trained in the ways of an unwise mother, whose life was but a machine to care for and indulge her sons. The family were well to do, and lived on a small farm, and the girl was in the habit of getting up before light to begin the endless round of farm chores and housework, while her brothers—all of whom were young men, and much better able than

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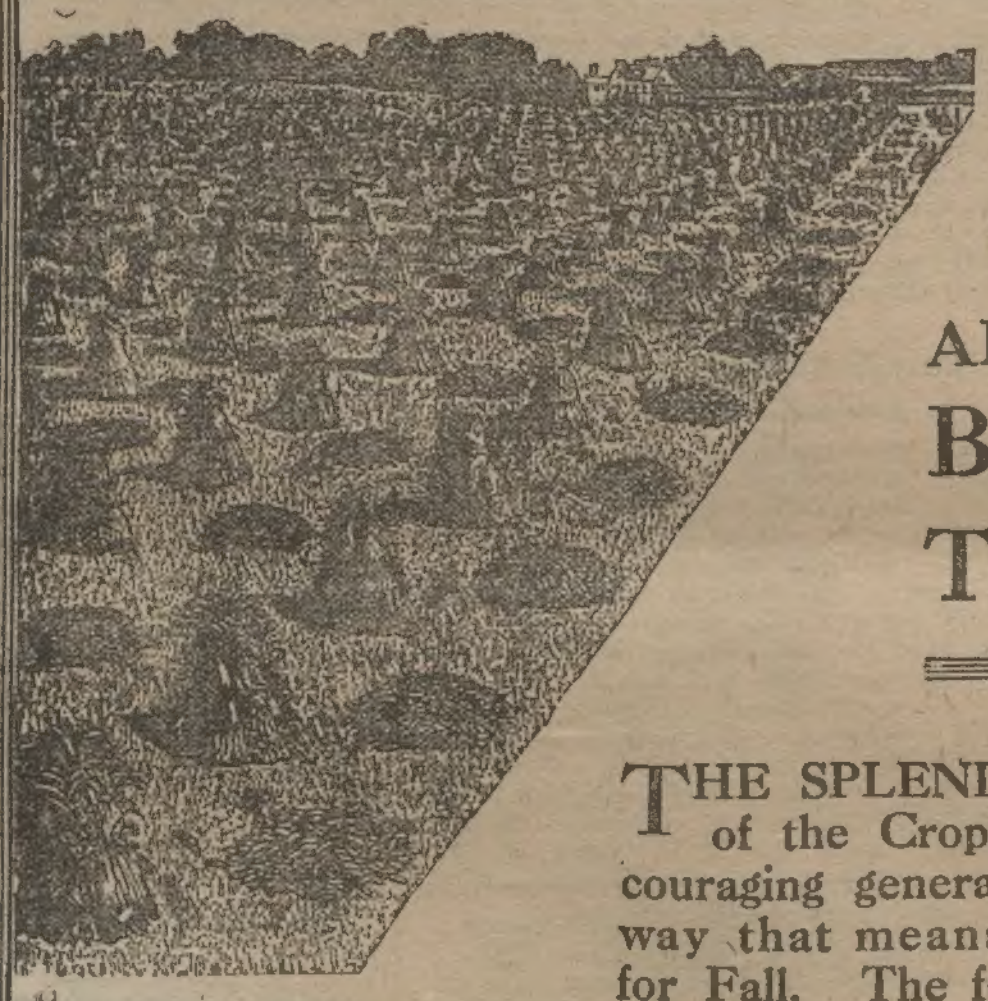

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she to do their share of the work—remained in bed. She milked and looked after the cows, fed the pigs and poultry, and often the horses, she managed the garden, hoeing and gathering the crops, she made butter and carried it to customers, and in the fall she did most of the dressing and marketing of the great flocks of turkeys and geese and hens.

She had ambitions of her own, of course, but had been trained to make them subservient to the family comfort, so she put them aside, and finally killed herself with overwork just at the time when she ought to have been at the height of her strength and usefulness.

The boys were really not so much to blame. They are strong, handsome fellows, able and willing to do a man's work in the field, but taught to consider milking and garden making and poultry raising and marketing and similar work as belonging especially to women, and altogether beneath the dignity of a man's attention. Now, they have an uneasy feeling that they might have done a little more for their sister, but on the contrary, mingled with the mother's grief for her daughter, is a tendey regret that the poor boys have no one to wait on them when they are about the house.

With equal opportunities this girl, so uselessly sacrificed, had the force and determination to equal and perhaps distance any of her brothers in usefulness. It may be that a niche was waiting for her somewhere in the world, and that it is still empty. Is such self-sacrifice sane or commendable?

A Chance to Marry.

Certain friends of mine, older women, say that if a young woman has a chance to marry a good man, she ought to do it while she can; that good men are scarce. Do you think this is true?

Whether or not it is true that good men are scarce—and those of us who have been blessed with honored fathers, and splendid brothers, and noble husbands, and number our trusted friends of the other sex by the score, will be very slow to subscribe to that statement—it really has nothing whatever to do with the first part of the sentence quoted.

Good women are almost as 'scarce' as good men; and a young woman owes it to the world not to diminish their number by disgracing womanhood in a marriage over which her heart or her conscience has any question.

Give your friends to understand that you are not looking out for 'chances' to marry, and that if there were only one good man on earth, and he wanted you for his wife, you would not marry him unless you loved him with all your soul, and believed that God had called you to the honor of being his wife.

When young women have splendid ideals, and insist upon living up to them, there will be more good men, and less talk about 'chances.'—'Christian Endeavor World.'